

# THE QUIVER

— Saturday, July 21, 1866. —



CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE STREET, AS SEEN FROM KING EDWARD STREET.

## CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE STREET.

THE GREY FRIARS; AND THE GRAVE OF RICHARD BAXTER.

THE west end of Newgate Street has a peculiar history. Records of crime and death, of bitter agonies and darkest infamy, are mingled with the gladsome notes of many a merry time.

VOL. I.

It seems almost impossible for a spectator who takes his stand at the corner of Newgate Street, looking towards Holborn, to picture the scene as it appeared in the thirteenth century. Let us

imagine ourselves there just outside the old crumbling city walls—close on our left is the New Gate, already turned into a prison; on the right stands the famous monastery of the Grey Friars; further still, in the same direction, we see the more ancient priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew, where its poet founder, Rahere, sleeps, revered not only by the “Black Canons,” but by the sick, the maimed, and the halt. In front are a few “country houses,” pleasant meads, and old English gardens. Before us rolls the river Fleet, receiving the gushing brook of the “old Bourne” (Holborn) on its way.

We have been looking at a vision; not only the Fleet, but convents, stately mansions, ancient walls, and time-greayed monuments have vanished. The Grey Friars have gone, but Christ's Hospital nobly stands on the old conventual ground; the chant of the Franciscan is silent, but from the crowded galleries of Christ's Church the Blue-coat boys sound out the responses of the English Liturgy. This church and the great public school connect the London of to-day with the old city.

Were a stranger to pass for the first time down “Christ Church Passage,” and through the ample porch, he would perhaps see little to excite attention. Even when he learns that the church was rebuilt by Wren, after the great fire, he will still feel that, with much neatness, there is little of architectural beauty.

The present church probably stands on or near the choir of the magnificent chapel of the Franciscan or Grey Friars. Who raised the vast conventual pile, which here stood the rival of its neighbour at Blackfriars? Let us listen to the old chronicler. In the summer of 1225, four Franciscan friars came to London. Their dress of undyed grey cloth, the hempen girdle, the marvellous fame of St. Francis, their founder, the skill of the men in the simple medicine of the times, and especially in the treatment of leprosy, soon drew towards them the superstitious reverence of some, and the religious regard of others.

John Jwyn, a rich citizen of London, gave them a piece of land and some houses, close to the city walls, and near one of the main gates. It was evidently then a low neighbourhood, being near the “shambles” and close by “Stinking Lane.”

The grey-coated men, who boldly proclaimed the holiness of begging, soon had the purses of the rich at their command. Benefactors rose on all sides; in 1239, Sir William Joynier, the mayor (not yet lord) built the first part of the Friar's church; the nave was erected by another mayor, Henry Waleys. Walter, “the potter,” and also sheriff, raised the Chapter House in 1270, and gave “brazen” cooking-utensils for the kitchen. A dormitory was constructed at the cost of Sir Gregory Rokesby, and William, the “tailor” to

Henry III., brought a supply of pure water into the convent from the suburban springs. Margaret of France, the young and second wife of Edward I., rebuilt the choir; John of Britanny reconstructed the nave; and Whittington when Mayor of London, laid the foundation-stone of the Library, on the 21st of October 1421.

In this London convent were buried four queens, one duke, two earls, eight barons, thirty-four knights, and nearly 700 peers. Nine magnificent tombs in the choir, and 140 marble sepulchres in the church, proclaimed the spiritual dominion of the sons of St. Francis.

“The end cometh” may be written upon all things; but how did it come to the Franciscans? It was the old law at work—“Change creepeth by little and little.” The Grey-frock had provoked a dangerous foe: he had opposed the men of the “new learning;” they bided their time, and in the end brought him to the dust.

The last warden of the London Franciscans, Dr. Thomas Chapman, surrendered the estates and buildings to the Crown, on the 12th of November, 1539, twenty-five of the friars signing the deed with their superior.

The subsequent history of the building is soon told. The church was made parochial, being opened for service on the first Sunday in 1547, January 3rd, when the *mass* was celebrated. The king died in the same month, and, under Edward VI., rapid changes were made in the old church. Not only were “altars” removed, but the richly-coloured walls were “white-limed,” the building shortened, the west end being let to a schoolmaster named Bolton, and the marble monuments removed and sold for £50! Truly, this was going very fast. But the ruin was arrested. The City received a grant of the monastic building for the establishment of a great school for poor children. Money was collected from the citizens, and on the 23rd of November, 1552, about 400 children were admitted. Thus, from the ruins of the Franciscans, was raised the far-famed Blue-coat School.

Let us now enter the church. The building itself has no remarkable memorial of the great or the wise. Here, however, sleeps one remarkable man, famous in his own day, and not yet to be forgotten—Richard Baxter, author of “The Saint's Everlasting Rest;” the chaplain of Cromwell, and yet his opponent; the friend of the king, but the enemy of tyranny; the man of practical life, and a profound thinker; as a preacher, combining popular power with intellectual energy; as a man, undaunted by the mockery of Jeffreys, yet gentle unto a child; and as a Christian, doing the work of earth while listening to the hymns of heaven.

Doubtless, his peculiarities were many; a Nonconformist, and yet a worshipper in the parish church; a Calvinist, and yet an Arminian; longing

for peace, but a firm controversialist. The sects of his day were puzzled; no party could really claim him, he was the epitome of all, but the image of none. He had been a chaplain in the parliamentary army, but his sermon to the House of Commons in St. Margaret's, Westminster, 1660, urged the restoration of the king. The Presbyterians had selected Baxter as their great champion at the Savoy conference; but, nevertheless, the Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, offered the bishopric of Hereford to the Nonconformist divine. The offer was refused; Baxter chose insult, persecution, and imprisonment in place of honour and power.

Many who know Baxter only by his own great work, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," may not be aware how small a part of his writings this book forms. One hundred and sixty-eight treatises came from his ever-active pen, and of these the practical alone fill twenty-three volumes. This library was written by one man of infirm health, driven by persecution from place to place, spending much time in preaching, and having little of "learned leisure." We get, from his own words, a peep into his study. One of his greatest works, the "Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ" (System of Christian Theology), was written, he says, "at Totteridge, in a troublesome, smoky, suffocating room, in the midst of daily pains of sciatica and many worse." Do you see Baxter cowering over the fire as he mentally composes a Latin period, the sentence interrupted just at the turning point, by the double assault of a sciatic pang and a villainous puff of smoke? Jeffreys would, probably, have rejoiced over both smoke and sciatica, had he known of them; for Baxter was the marked object of his brutality. The number of published works especially stirred up the rage of the judge. This being somewhat intolerable, Jeffreys launched at the author the judicial summaries of "fanatical dog" and "old knave." The "old" alone was true, Baxter being then in his seventieth year.

Baxter has always been ranked among the great preachers of the seventeenth century. He wants, indeed, the rich imagery of Jeremy Taylor, the bold energy of South, and the exhaustive logic of Barrow, but there was that union of intellect with feeling, without which no speaker can long rule an audience. His great pulpit victories were doubtless won in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Kidderminster, where he was appointed lecturer; but wherever Baxter spoke, words of power fell upon the ear. Whether preaching to the House of Commons in St. Margaret's, to the Corporation of London in St. Paul's, or to crowded congregations at the Tuesday lectures in Joiners' Hall and Fetter Lane, he excited thought and stirred up emotion—men did not leave with the remark, "There was nothing in it."

The exact site of Baxter's grave is unknown. "Buried in the chancel" is the answer to every inquiry; but no short epitaph, no memorial words tell under which of those time-worn and unlettered stones lies the body of Baxter. The church registers inform us that he was buried on the 17th of December, 1691, and that is all which Christ Church can tell the world about Richard Baxter.

A summary of Baxter's life is soon told. He was born at Rowton, near High Encal, Shropshire, 1615; received ordination at Worcester, in 1638, from Bishop Thornborough, and, in 1640, was chosen lecturer at Kidderminster. Being driven away by political tumults in 1642, he returned in 1646, and continued there during all the changes of the next fourteen years. Baxter rejoiced in the restoration of the king, but the Act of Uniformity found him unable to comply with its requirements, and then came not only banishment from his beloved Kidderminster, but a long series of insults, ending in a trial before Jeffreys, and an imprisonment for two years. Just as these days were coming, he found a young lady willing to share with him all the opposition of enemies by becoming his wife. There was nothing very astounding in thoughtful and enthusiastic Miss Charlton being married, in her twenty-fourth year, to the famous Richard Baxter, in his forty-seventh. He had, however, so often recommended a single life to preachers, that some of the gentlemen who had acted upon his advice, naturally pointed to his practical comment upon his own precepts. Doubtless, Baxter was a wise man; he certainly gained, by his own confession, nineteen years of "love and mutual complacency."

The great revolution came, and the Toleration Act nearly terminated legalised persecution; but a great change was also then approaching Baxter—the end of life was at hand. He understood the significant signs of the coming event. His will was made in July, 1689; every sermon became more suggestive of the approaching hour; and on the 8th of December, 1691, he passed into the state of which he had so earnestly written, and entered into "the saint's everlasting rest."

The fame of his writings, labours, and sufferings drew a vast concourse to his funeral, the line of carriages extending, from Christ Church, far down Cheapside. The royal, the noble, and the knightly dead lie forgotten in the ancient burial-ground of the Grey Friars; but the greatest of those who sleep in the modern Christ Church is Richard Baxter. We may no longer fully sympathise with his style; we may have learned to accept conclusions from which he would have shrunk; but the freest minds, the strongest understandings, the widest hearts, and the most earnest Christians of the present time, will see in this old divine many points of attraction for one of repulsion. W. D.

## THE KING AND THE ABBOT.



HE king was a stout, portly, good-looking man, with the national antipathy to France: the abbot was also portly and affable, large-hearted and well-favoured, as became a churchman of that time. Of what time? you will ask. Well, it was a time when the King of England was, theoretically, King of France also; and when they were both subjects of a far-away prince, who, from his capital in Italy, held a kind of sway over the whole world. Such was the time; and as for the place, the king, of course, lived in London, and held his court there, surrounded by churchmen and nobles; and, on the very day when our story opens, the abbot was ambling down the wooded lanes that led to the Friary of Canterbury. As he looked before him, he could see the tall towers of the cathedral rise into the evening air, and he could hear the cawing of the rooks, as they hovered over the topmost turrets, and clustered amongst the ivy. Round him lay green meadows, and rosy orchards, and yellow fields of bending corn—all yielding toll and tribute to the support of the monastery. The abbot chuckled with delight as he thought over all this. He was a fat, rosy-faced little man, who did not despise this world or its goods; and, as report said, wine and oil came in plenty into his cellars.

But when the good country folk began to discuss their abbot, and to tell of acts of charity and deeds of kindness, and to say that it was no hard matter for him to have such a cheerful face, when he had such an easy conscience, rumour began, in a hard, uncompromising voice, to whisper that, if his conscience was easy, it ought not to be so; and, for every wanderer set straight or sufferer relieved, there were counterpart stories of arrogance, and greed, and cruelty: and still the circle of his enemies grew larger, and the whisper swelled into a voice, and the voice rose into a murmur, and, the circle growing larger and larger, it at last reached the capital.

Now, when the king heard this complaint, he laughed, in a grim, peculiar manner, that boded but gloomily for the poor abbot, and ordered the accusers and the accused to be brought before him. Justice was administered very summarily in those days; and I fear the king's decision was influenced more by the wealth of the abbot than by the charges brought against him. He heard both parties, however, and finally gave sentence.

"Heads of religious houses," said the king, "should be famed for their learning, and not for their wealth." The Abbot of Canterbury had acquired great wealth; still, if he had learning enough to answer these three questions, his wealth would be spared to him.

These were the questions:—1. What time would it take the king, surrounded by his retinue, to travel round the world? 2. What is the worth of the king, as he sits in state, attended by all his nobles? 3. Of what is he, at that moment, thinking?

The abbot asked a year's grace to consider the questions, and, this accorded him, left the palace with a heavy heart—left it a heartbroken man, to wander up and down through the land, seeking for rest and finding none. There were colleges in those days where learning was prized and cultivated; there were friaries, where men, withdrawn from the whirl of life, devoted the rest of their days to find wisdom and attain to understanding. Amidst these his wanderings were to be now; and from all he received kindness, courtesy, consideration, as befitted his rank as abbot—as befitted his position as a suffering fellow-mortal. Rich or poor, they all had sympathy for him in his misfortune. In these few months there was a great change wrought in his character. It was now, in his affliction and distress, he saw how rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all. It was now he learned how insignificant is all wealth compared to worth, and how much better is the gratitude of the humble than the envy of the great.

So the abbot wandered about restlessly, and thought, and pondered, and weighed till his brain throbbed, and his heart sickened, and hope died within him. And now the fatal year was hurrying to its end, and the good abbot determined that he would spend the little time he had left in returning to his old monastery, visiting the poor, and reconciling himself to his enemies. When the sentence had been first passed upon him, he had said, in the bitterness of his heart, "Teach me, and I will hold my tongue; and cause me to understand wherein I have erred;" but he saw it all now, and, as he passed up the green lanes that led to the friary, and saw the rooks hovering over the ivied towers of the cathedral—that they looked out on the lands of the richest abbot in England brought no pleasure with it, gave him no satisfaction.

Yes, but it was pleasant when now, as he had approached the grey towers, the whole village poured forth to meet him—thronged around him—welcomed him with blessings that sprang from the heart—paid back all kindnesses with interest, and wept genuine tears over his misfortunes.

He was the richest abbot in England—but it was not his wealth that brought him this blessing.

The next morning he was to leave Canterbury, and to begin his sad journey up to London, so he broke away from his friends, and, as he was weary after



his long day's travel, settled himself down to rest; but still those three questions sounded in his ears, and the sinister looks of the king haunted him, and the kindness of the poor people, and the worthlessness of his wealth forced themselves on his mind, and would give him no rest. So he arose and walked out into the evening air. Up the street of the silent town, through the old archway, and on till he reached the Cathedral Close, then up it, and down it, and round it, slowly or quickly, madly or listlessly, as thought after thought whirled round in his busy brain.

The richest abbot in all England. Oh! how he cursed his riches; how he looked back on the past and longed to live it over again! The peaceful moonlight mocked him, and the stone gurgoyles laughed him to scorn.

He could bear it no longer, so paced down the close again, and down the silent street, and under the old archway; there he stopped—for a hand touched him, and he looked round.

It was his servant; he had heard him leave his room, had followed him down the street, and, concealed behind the ivy, watched him as he walked round and round the cathedral in the moonlight.

The abbot leaned on his arm and walked home. He told him of his interview with the king, and of the sentence passed upon him, and how it was passed without defence heard. He told him of the three questions, and how he had wandered all over England seeking counsel; how he had consulted wise and simple, and all had pitied him. Oh! the bitterness of that pity that brought with it no hope!

His faithful servant walked by his side, gazing moodily on the ground.

He told him how he had gone from monastery to monastery, some famed for their skill and some for their learning, and some—more ennobling fame than all—for their charity; how he had spoken with abbots, and friars, and monks, but none could give him advice. He told him how his affliction had made him an altered man, and how the more he wandered the more had he seen the vice of living for self; and how he longed to live over his life again, and to do some good before he sank into the grave.

Still the servant said nothing, and they walked along silent and thoughtful.

But now the faint stir that precedes the dawn was beginning to break the peacefulness of the scene, and the troop of grey clouds caught one by one the flakes of rosy light, and spread them wider and wider.

They had reached the door when his servant, looking up from the ground, spoke. His face shone like the sun itself, when he told his good master that he had hit on a plan that would take him out of all his difficulties.

The abbot was to go into the house and to remain there concealed; meanwhile his servant, decked in all his habiliments, crozier and mitre, and gold-embroidered robes, was to travel up to London to confront the king in the council chamber and to answer (he said he felt he could—he was sure he could) the three questions.

The sun, as it beamed its red light upon spired cities and lovely granges, lit no more grateful face than that of the good abbot's at that moment.

And now why delay to tell of artifices employed to keep the country folk in ignorance, of charges to the abbot to preserve well his secret and his now-assumed character, or of the journey up to London, so dangerous and difficult in those days? Even the burly king and his brave barons, his churchmen, his advisers, his noble retinue, his so-called justice-court, with its tawdry magnificence, need little comment here. There he sat in person and in pomp; there they stood in strength and splendour; and then the herald called, and the quasi Abbot of Canterbury knelt before the king. A few words of preamble, a few dark hints at church reform and church government, and then the question—"What am I worth as I sit on my throne surrounded by my nobles?" He looked round for approval to his splendid retinue and got it. Every baron of them tossed his head into the air, and the hall rang with the clash of armour.

The abbot, in one glance, taking in king and nobles, replied—"Our Saviour was sold for thirty pieces of silver, so I must rate you all at less than that." It was spoken slowly and simply, and came forth more like an involuntary utterance than a reply to a question; his eyes fixing themselves on no individual especially, again sought the ground.

"How long would it take me, with my full retinue, to travel round the world?"

"If you rose with the sun and travelled with him, you would have finished your journey in a day and night."

And then came the last question—

"Of what am I thinking now?" There had been thought and delay to the others, but the answer to this was decisive and immediate.

"You're thinking I'm the Abbot of Canterbury, and you're wrong, for I'm only his servant."

Yes, and to the end of his days, in one sense, he remained so, his faithful, attached servant, but not his dependent; for the king, who pardoned the abbot and restored him to his lands and his abbey, prized and rewarded the attachment of the servant; and the abbot, when once more he became the richest churchman in England, schooled by the teaching of adversity, learned to distinguish wealth from worth; and when at a ripe old age he was gathered to the grave, rich and poor alike mourned for his loss.

W.

## SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELF-MADE MEN."



E have selected a subject which has this circumstance, at least, to recommend it, that it comes home to the business and the bosom of every man. Here and everywhere—at the Equator and at the poles; where philosophy holds court with refinement, and where civilisation has not ventured to drive her car; in the highest and in the lowest ranks—the one grand desire of every human being is happiness. How wonderful that a thing which everybody seeks, next to none find! Has the benevolent Being who created man in his own image doomed him to a life upon earth little better than a realisation of the fable of Tantalus—a repetition of the weary, endless, fruitless work of Sisyphus—rolling the stone to the top of the mountain, only to see it bound away to the bottom? No; this infinite, inextinguishable, and universal thirst for happiness is a noble remnant of man's primeval state—a column still standing erect in the plain of surrounding ruins, testifying to all that happiness was the element in which his Maker designed him to live, and move, and have his being. Why then, in myriads and myriads of cases, is this design unaccomplished? Are the sources of this ethereal and heavenly thing confined to some special ranks of men, or to some favoured individuals—to some fortunate latitudes, or to some peculiar localities? Are they secreted on some precipitous mountain, so that an arduous enterprise is necessary to reach them? or deposited in some far island of the sea, so that a hazardous life-venture is needful in order to arrive at them? or perched on some cloud of the upper firmament, so that anxious invention must be racked in finding out the spell to charm them down? No: the sources of happiness are among the simplest of all things, and the commonest of all things; they are scattered around rich and poor, numerous as the drops of morning dew.

This most important truth, so encouraging to us all, we now proceed to illustrate. *True religion* is a prime source of happiness. Unless based on this, it is founded on a shifting sandbank, which may at any moment be engulfed by an unlooked-for tempest. God has so ordered it that the purest enjoyment is found only in his service. Man was happy when God made him. But when, by transgression, he lost communion with God, he lost his happiness. Man is now unhappy, because he is unlike God; and he cannot be happy till he lives in his proper element, and finds and enjoys his chief good. To everything like real happiness, it is indispensably necessary to be in a right moral and

religious condition. The grand relations which bind man both to God and his fellows, which sin has so sadly broken, must be rectified and restored; and this can only be accomplished in one way—namely, by faith in the Son of God and Saviour of the world. It is the benign influence of religion which diffuses happiness through man's heart, and introduces him into the holy harmony of the universe. Calm, serene, and tranquil, amid all the vicissitudes of this changing world, is the man who finds his happiness in God. Place such a man where you will, and he will find happiness in everything. He has the philosopher's stone in his hand, which turns even common earth into gold.

There is another source of happiness accessible to all—*work*. Labour was the enjoyment of Paradise; it is now a stern necessity outside of it. In itself, mere bodily labour looks rather like a misery than a happiness—a curse than a blessing. It is not so, however. If we meet it aright, it is both a blessing in itself, and the source of manifold blessings. Creation is in a state of active labour. The winds blow, the waves roll, the rivers flow.

"An angel's wing would droop, if long at rest,  
And God himself inactive, were no longer blest."

When the heart and the head, the arm and the limb, are all nerved to meet the law of our being, what was a curse in its original form, is turned into no common blessing. No doubt, in certain circumstances, work or labour is anything but a blessing. When labour degenerates into slavery and absorbs life, man is degraded from the likeness of God into a beast of burden, and the green earth, which was meant to gladden its children on their way to heaven, is turned into the floor of a work-house, and human life is made a ceaseless penance, a daily martyrdom, a funeral march to the grave. Still we would rather be over-wrought than under-wrought. There is a measure of happiness, however slight, in the one; the other is an intolerable evil. Time hangs heavy on the hands of those idle saunterers in the market-place and at the corner of the streets. The happy men are those who prosecute, hour by hour, and day by day, the honest calling by which they win their own and their children's bread.

We would instance *bodily health* as another source of happiness. God has not confined this great blessing to any class or rank, but scattered it impartially and liberally upon all the members of the human family. Exceptions there are, but these would be fewer if we were better instructed in the principles of health. Then, what is one of the best,

would also be one of the commonest of blessings. Wherever health is possessed, it is a source of happiness. Take it away, and how cheerless, joyless and insipid is the world. Every sense, every muscle, every member, and limb of a healthy body is a source of happiness.

We turn your thoughts to another source of happiness, open and free to all—namely, a *well-cultivated mind*. There are persons who have little sympathy with those who associate happiness with the pursuit or possession of intellectual truth. They have been placed, in the providence of God, among the “hewers of wood and the drawers of water,” rather than among the intellectual princes of the people. But every mind has a certain power of happiness, and the measure of enjoyment which each mind will yield is in proportion, not so much to its native capacity, as to its culture and exercise. The higher gifts of mind, indeed, are rare. The nobler intellects that constitute our mental aristocracy, are not even so numerous as the aristocracy of rank and birth. But these have not a monopoly of the happiness which springs from mind. In the world of mind as well as in the world of matter, the proverb holds good, that many a blast is felt on the height which is never felt in the vale. As it is the cup that is deepest that can be filled the fullest—as it is the tree that rears its head the highest that feels most the fury of the storm, so it is the soul that is largest and most exalted that is capable of the greatest sorrows. If it be the peculiar privilege of genius to rise to Pisgah heights and behold Mount Transfiguration scenes, it is also its special lot to wander in the lonely desert of melancholy musing, and be thrust down occasionally into the sombre caverns of mental disquiet and unrest. At any rate, the happiness we speak of is not peculiar to intellectual giants. There is in every mind sufficient to yield a large incalculable measure of enjoyment. Every faculty is a separate power of happiness, a separate source of exquisite pleasure.


Let us mention *books* as another source of high and varied happiness. The modern press is prodigiously prolific, and the shelves of our book-stores groan beneath suitable supplies, coming from ready writers, and going to an eager public. Through this one means the artisan, the clerk, and the shopkeeper may mingle in the fellowship of minds, compared with which the society of the living must not be named. The labouring man—thanks to cheap books and public libraries—if he has prepared his mind to enjoy “the feast of reason and the flow of soul,” may have free access to whatever statesmen, philosophers, poets, historians, or divines have written since the world began. The masses may become

acquainted with Pascal, Swift, Bacon, Shakespeare, Cowper, Milton, Arnold, Chalmers, and Macaulay. But while the works of these master-minds are a source of happiness, they should be interspersed and relieved by others. Books of travels, voyages, and works of fiction of a healthy tone, add zest and relish to volumes of graver import and higher caste of thought. The very diversity is a source of pleasure.

The *works of God* are another source of happiness free and inexhaustible. These are nobler, grander, and infinitely more diversified than the works of man; yielding as from a million springs a pure, natural, and healthy joy. The whole universe about us has been constructed in order that every sentient being who walks upon its surface may be perpetually bathed in a flood of happiness. The charms of Nature bathe, not merely the poetic soul in bliss beyond the bliss of dreams, but touch all hearts with occasional tremblings of joy.

Let us name, lastly, the *social and benevolent affections* as a source of happiness. This is the highest department of our nature, and therefore yields us the highest of all enjoyments, that which is almost, if not altogether, divine. We are made for brotherhood. God has planted in every breast a desire for society. The heart will lavish its affections on the lowest forms of animal creation, or upon ideal beings, rather than feed upon itself. But there can be no solitude to a really good man—for religion is love to a person. The social and benevolent affections are pre-eminently the common property of man, and, rightly exercised, would yield as large a measure of happiness to the poor as to the rich. It is impossible to love a fellow-being purely and disinterestedly without feeling as if earth had been transformed into heaven. It is equally impossible to hate a fellow-being, no matter how churlish and sterile his nature may be, without feeling as if you had taken a scorpion into your bosom, the poison of whose sting had festered and inflamed your whole being. What a beautiful picture that is in the “Cottar’s Saturday Night,” drawn from the life by that singularly-gifted son of genius, Robert Burns: If there be a paradise on earth—a place where there are palm-trees and wells of water in the desert, it is that home over which piety presides, amid the looks and smiles of loving parents, and the mirth and sport of happy children. Let us never forget that the whole race of man is but one family. “God hath made all men of one blood.” The more thoroughly catholic and cosmopolitan we become, the fuller our happiness. That man is the happiest who holds not only the Great Father but all the family in his large throbbing heart.

## THE BETRAYED CITY.

I.  
TILL night hath spread her starry veil  
 O'er all the calm and cloudless sky,  
 And silver-crescent, sweetly pale,  
 Beams like an angel's drooping, eye.  
 Within the town dwells sweet repose,  
 Without, lurk wolfish, secret foes.

II.  
 With cautious eye, and silent feet,  
 One with whose praise the town hath rung,  
 Glides swiftly down the silent street,  
 And now the gate apart hath flung!  
 Awake! awake! swell high the alarm!  
 Our foes are on us—townsmen, arm!

III.  
 Affrighted, sleep now flies her realm,  
 Upriseth now each citizen  
 In haste, with sword, and shield, and helm,  
 To guard his home from lawless men.  
 To arms! to arms! the bugles call;  
 For liberty we'll stand or fall!


IV.  
 Red morning breaks upon the hills,  
 The city streets are strewn with dead;  
 Alarm no more the faint air fills,  
 For now false friend and foe have fled.  
 Hurrah! hurrah! Thank God, we've won!  
 Our night of toil and fight is gone. B.

## A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

## CHAPTER XII.

## TOWARDS ROME.

ROM Florence to Pisa, from Pisa to Leghorn, from Leghorn to Nunziatella, from Nunziatella to Civita Vecchia, from Civita Vecchia to Rome!—these are the stages of our journey for the present chapter, including railway and diligence, and railway again, including also a vast deal of trouble, and worry, and inconvenience, and change, and night travel, and rain, and searching of luggage, and bother of passports, and looking out for the brigands, and taking care of ourselves, and getting fleeced all the way. But these are the incidents that diversify our travels, and render them not altogether unbearable in the experience, and certainly not otherwise than very charming in the remembrance. I would gladly enough witness all those scenes, and pass through all those stages again with all the inconveniences of travel, if only to impress the past yet more indelibly upon the memory and heart.

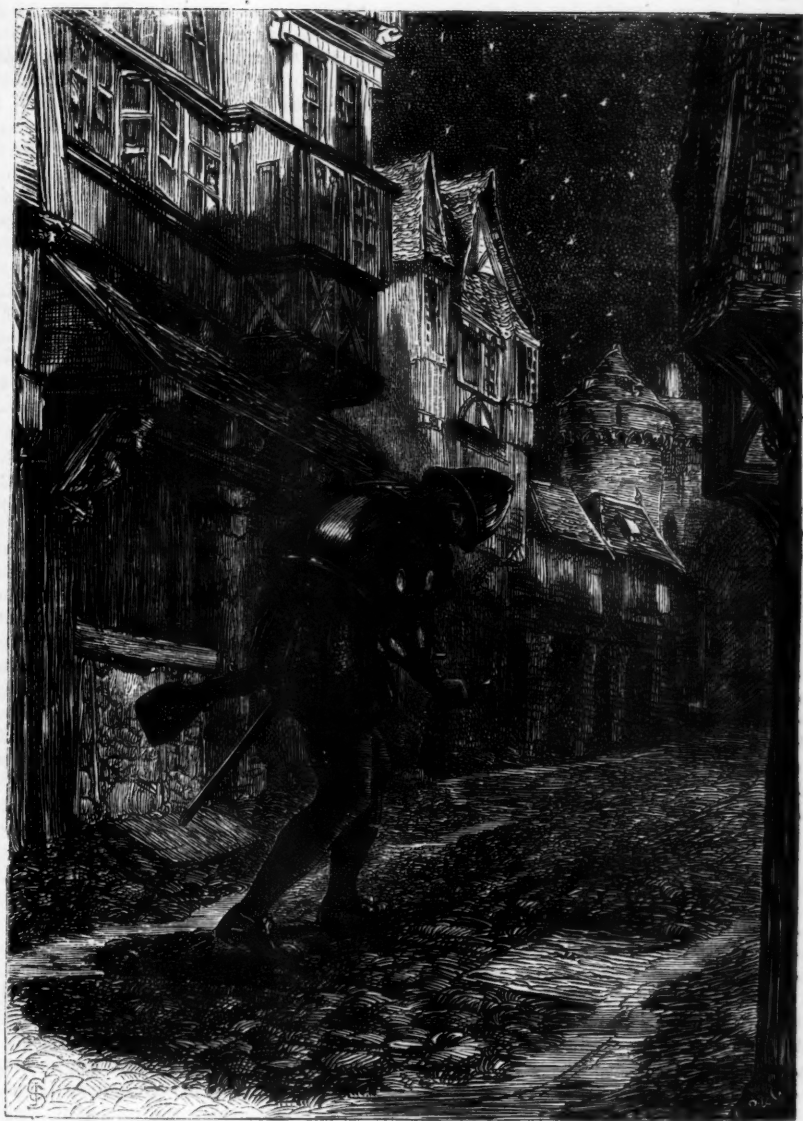
Passing through Leghorn, we skirt what is called the Sunrise Shore of the Mediterranean. Elba is distinctly visible out upon the waters, and a glorious sunset ushers in the decline of our day of travel, though the travel itself must continue through all the weary night. At about ten o'clock we arrive at Nunziatella.

Here the railway fails us, and here our troubles begin. It is a dark and dreary night, and the rain is falling in torrents, almost in waterspouts. I have never seen anything in the shape of rain to equal the rains of Italy. Talk of the "blue skies of sunny Italy," it is all blue enough at times, I

assure you, when the drenching down-pour of water promises almost another deluge. I have seen the blue firmament and sunny skies of Italy, and all that sort of thing; but I have also seen the other side of the question, and all I need say is, that when it rains in Italy, *it rains!* Those fair skies can knit their brows, and become overcast with wrath, and look black as death, albeit they are so fair and bright. I once heard of a lady who was accounted exceedingly amiable, and yet at times she could be stormy enough. Her account of herself was this: "I am always in good temper, except when I am vexed; and when I am vexed, I am very vexed!" So, methinks, it is with fair and sunny Italy; when the dear creature loses temper and is overcast with clouds and storms, it is all up with her, and with *you* too! The Italian rain is the most intense and inveterate thing of the kind I have ever witnessed, an impetuous torrent, every drop worth a shower (almost) in any other place. A rainy day in Italy amounts to a total breakdown of the proverbial amiability of the Italian climate. But, then, when the rain has ceased, it has ceased, and there is no more about it. The Italian climate never *sulks* over it, as the beclouded sky of England too often does. It is very seldom that a leaden sky continues for any great length of time in Italy. The firmament gets angry and spends its wrath, and clears up again, and is as bright, and blue, and fair, and cheerful as ever.

Well, at Nunziatella we were all alike in temper, the weather awfully wicked, the rain impetuous, the night miserable, the accommodation anything but good (only for an hour or so), and our party just as amiable as everything else around us. I don't





(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"One with whose praise the town hath rung,  
Glides swiftly down the silent street."—p. 696.

mean to say we were quarrelling, or absolutely unamiable; but we were in that frame of mind that might be guessed from the position of affairs which just then stood at about this figure, viz:—Eleven o'clock, night; baggages to be looked up from the *débris* of the railway vans, the same to be transferred to the diligences; the courtyard all under water, great lochs of rain standing in pools all in the dark; ever and anon some unhappy wight goes ankle-deep, and hastily flounders out again, perhaps into a deeper slough; ladies, all forlorn, standing *in* the pools, and not at all aware of the fact; rain above, rain below, rain all around and everywhere; not enough of diligences provided; many of the lonely and unprotected "males" long since ensconced comfortably enough in their places, and women still outside in the rain, and no place for them; the grooms and attendants as rude and uncivil as they could well be; the wind howling in from the Campagna breathing perfect misery in its sound; and, worse than all, the waiters in the *buffet* pursuing hapless passengers for gratuities, and demanding unheard-of charges in bills as yet unpaid. I felt uncommonly near being fleeced by one of these fellows. I had invested four francs in a pullet, and a very nice and tender little chicken it was. I invited some of the forlorn ones to help in dispatching it, and we sat down to our little supper, using five plates in the transaction. The signal was given for the start; I was buttoned up for an outside seat in the dickey of a small carriage, and was made up for roughing it, when one of these irrepressible waiters makes his final demand of me—"Five francs for 'Service!'" Five francs for the use of five common plates for a moment or two; why, I could have bought a good piece of China ware for the money, out and out. So I gave him neither money nor *mercie*, but an indignant growl, expressive of all I felt on the occasion, and a full delivery of my soul in the matter of his demand. I do not remember exactly now *how* I did it; but I remember it answered the purpose, and the fellow fled in alarm to the solitude of the deserted *buffet*! If he had asked a gratuity, leaving it to myself to judge of the amount, I would very likely have given him a franc for his trouble; but the legal demand for so much more steeled my heart, closed my purse, and opened my mouth against him.

It rained all night, in the true Italian style, and no mistake. It was an adventure, and nothing less; and, as though to prove it so, one of the diligences upset bodily in starting. None of our party happened to be riding in that vehicle; but I saw an English lady next morning with her beauty sadly marred, and a Frenchman sorely scarred by the upsetting of the craft. We are now on the road; and along that dreary plain we are to rumble for forty long weary miles, and I don't know how many

weary hours. The road is execrably bad, and is rendered all the worse by the heavy rains. The cracking of the driver's whip, and his hoarse grunt to the horses were the only sounds that mingled with the sougling of the wind and the drip and drift of the rain-fall; and this is the road that is at times infested by brigands: and of course that was a comfortable subject for reflection! I do believe it was too wet for the brigands to come out that dreadful night! But no matter now for those long midnight hours. We passed Montalto, the Papal frontier, where our passports were demanded, our small luggage looked to, and fees and gratuities asked by the fellows in uniform who had thus troubled us at that time of the night. I would not give much for the result of the "voluntary principle" as exercised by our party under the circumstances of that night. At early dawn I observed in the distance the revolving light of the harbour of Civita Vecchia—a very bright and luminous lamp indeed, which has no doubt oft cheered the weary voyager of the waters, and which certainly cheered my weather-beaten soul (and body) on that early morning. The rain had by this time abated, and ere long had cleared off, and the appearance of the sky promised well for the day.

Arrived at Civita Vecchia, we suffered none of the inconveniences so oft described and so frequently complained of by travellers who, having come by sea, leave shipboard at this station. To us, it was a harbour of refuge after the weary travel of the road and of the night; and we took ample time for refreshment and general repairs. Our baggage was "inspected" at Civita Vecchia by the authorities of the Papal States; and here I must do this measure of justice to the representatives of the Pope—they did not make a seizure of my Bible, as a forbidden book. My Bible was in a small hand-bag, which I was preparing to open for inspection; but the officer who had searched my portmanteau simply asked whether I had any cognac in the bag, to which I answered "No." He then asked if I had any cigars, and I again answered in the negative; whereupon he signified his satisfaction, and would not further trouble me to open the bag. I was, however, determined to try the question to its issue; so, a short time after, when crossing the southern frontier, at Ceperano, I placed my Bible uppermost in my portmanteau. I opened the luggage in the *douane*, and again the only questions asked were as touching the matter of cognac and cigars. Two or three times after this I was searched in the Papal dominions, with a like result. My own opinion is that the Papal authorities and representatives are considerably more intent on discovering cognac and cigars, than in troubling themselves about English Bibles! Whether St. Peter would stand at the threshold of Rome, and make diligent inquiry about such things as brandy

and tobacco, I do not undertake to say; but this is what "St. Peter's successor" does!

See, we are nearing Rome! Lo, there are the suburbs of the ancient city already in sight! There are the Aurelian walls, and there a part of the ruins of the aqueduct, &c. Ere long a few domes appear, rising out of the city yonder; but none of

these can be St. Peter's. We seem to skirt the city outside the walls. It is long before we catch a sight of that which we are all longing to see; when, lo! there it is, standing out legibly and unmistakably enough—you need not tell me, for it tells its own tale—that vast dome is the cupola of St. Peter's!

(To be continued.)

## DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

## EVELYN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.



HAT story is it to be, to day, Miss Severn?" Dora eagerly inquired, when the time came for the pleasant half-hour with her governess.

"I will tell you," Miss Severn said, "the story of my sister Evelyn's Photograph. A year ago, the postman's knock sounded at the door of our house, and a letter was brought in addressed to Miss Evelyn Severn, Bridge Street, Monteau. We were all sitting at breakfast, and Jane was making tea, my dear mother lying on her sofa by the window. Evelyn rushed to her with the letter, and opening the envelope she showed a blue paper inside, folded in a note from our aunt, Mrs. Medway. The note said that Mrs. Medway sent her neices, Evelyn and Edith, a pound each with her love, and she hoped they would spend it as they liked best. Then the children's faces fell; they could see no money in the envelope, and did not understand that the little strips of paper had to be taken to the bank, and there changed for two bright golden sovereigns. When mamma explained it to them, they were more and more delighted. Would Jane or I go to the bank that very day and get the money with them, and then go with them to buy something with it? Yes, Jane promised that, if it was fine, they should have their wish, and either she or I would take them to the bank, though she advised them both to think twice before they spent their riches. This was mamma's advice, too, and as the rain pattered on the windows all day, no visit could be made to either the bank or a shop, and the children had plenty of time for consideration. At night when I went to bed I found Evelyn awake, and she told me with flushed cheeks she had quite made up her mind as to what she should do with her money. She should like her photograph taken, and she should like to buy an album for her own use, and give away her likeness, and get other people's instead.

"Now I knew, as every one knew who lived with Evelyn, that she was apt to be vain of what is really a very pretty face, bright, golden

hair, and graceful figure, so that this desire of hers did not surprise me. Edith was sound asleep; but when she awoke in the morning she crept over into my bed, and said she knew we were poor ever since papa died, and that mamma wanted many nice little things which Jane couldn't buy for her; shouldn't she keep her sovereign and get grapes, and ice, and those kind of things for mamma?

"Just then Evelyn woke. She was full of her scheme, and assured Edith that she should have plenty of money left to buy things for mamma. I reminded Evelyn that twenty shillings were not inexhaustible riches; but it was difficult to convince her of this; and, after their lessons were over that morning, we set off in high spirits for the bank—as the first step. We next went to a stationer's, where we saw all sorts of albums. Of course all the prettiest were the most expensive; and, leaving ten shillings for six photographs, and something over for the presents she designed for others, Evelyn found she must be content with an album at six shillings. At last we reached Williams's Photographic Rooms, and, after climbing up three flights of stairs, we saw a door, on the right hand, with 'Studio' painted on it, and another on the left with 'Dressing Room' and 'Waiting Room.' Here a young lady received us, and, on hearing our errand, looked at the book of engagements, and, to Evelyn's great disappointment, said 'Mr. Williams would have no spare half-hour till that day week.' Evelyn's name was entered, and then I advised her to ask Mr. Williams's terms. 'A guinea for fifteen cartes,' was the reply. Here was a difficulty; and my poor little sister looked so disappointed that I was quite sorry for her. 'Would Mr. Williams take six photographs, as a guinea was more than the little girl could afford?' I asked. 'Mr. Williams would take six cartes for half-a-guinea—but only in one position.' Evelyn consented. Edith, as we returned, went into a fruiterer's and changed her sovereign, and was soon brim-full of joy to carry home a bunch of purple grapes, in a little basket, for mamma.

"The waiting a week would, I thought, a little damp Evelyn's desire to go to Mr. Williams; but it did not prove so. At last the day came. Evelyn was

determined to be taken in her white frock, and while Jane and I were trying to dissuade her, and to assure her that, with all her mass of light hair, black would come out much better in the picture, my mother stepped in. 'Let her wear the white frock, Jane,' she said; 'it will be better for her to learn her lesson thoroughly.' So the white frock carried the day, and, after much straightening of her sash, and smoothing her hair at the glass in Mr. Williams's waiting-room, the important moment came, and Evelyn and I were summoned to the studio. Here Mr. Williams received us with a bow, Evelyn's head was made fast against the support behind her, and, after a little going hither and thither, and pulling her frock in the right folds, Mr. Williams was ready to begin, first observing, 'The white dress will not come out well, as the young lady is so fair.' So with a cloud of vexation on her face at this announcement, and a painfully-constrained smile on her lips, the words were spoken, 'Now, if you please,' and the image of my little sister was being conveyed to the glass in that magical box. 'That will do,' was repeated twice before Evelyn slipped from the support, and the next minute we were on our way home.

"On the following Saturday the six copies arrived. With eager fingers Evelyn unfastened the envelope, and I saw her face grow scarlet. 'Me! this can't be me!' and, tossing the *cartes* to mamma, she hid her face, and tears of mortified vanity and disappointment burst forth.

"Mamma and I looked at the photograph, and saw a stiff, affected little girl, with dark hair, and deep shadows round the mouth and eyes, and the face itself certainly giving very little idea of Evelyn. The forced smile was perpetuated, and so was the look of vexation, at the same time. So, what with the dark hair, and deep shade, and the absence of the blue eyes, and fair pink and white skin, it is no wonder that Evelyn failed to see her-

self in the photograph. Then my mother called her gently, and the child went to her, and wept out her troubles on that loving breast, and listened to sweet and tender words, which she will never forget. 'It was all my horrid vanity,' was the last confession; 'I see it all now; but oh! my sovereign is all wasted!' 'No, not all wasted, my darling,' mamma said; 'you have bought with it a hard lesson—but it may be a useful one, if you try to make it so. Let the photograph always remind you that if *self-pleasing*, in any form, is the motive of what you do, sooner or later disappointment will come, more or less bitter, and hard to bear.' 'But I thought I wished to please other people; I suppose I didn't, though,' poor Evelyn said; while the poor little heart was still heaving with disappointment. But, on the whole, Evelyn bore it well, and, what is better, she has tried since to think less of her person and her dress than she did, and less of herself in all ways. Her dear mother's words have proved true, and Evelyn learned a hard but useful lesson from—her Photograph.

## KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 685.

"Endureth all things."—1 Cor. xiii. 7.

1. E liab's .....	Deut. xi. 6.
2. N imshi's .....	2 Kings ix. 20.
3. D inah .....	Gen. xxx. 21.
4. U r .....	Gen. xi. 31, 32.
5. R iblah .....	2 Kings xxv. 21.
6. E gypt .....	Jer. xxvi. 23.
7. T atnai .....	Ezra v. 6.
8. H arosheth .....	Judg. iv. 2.
9. A bihall's .....	Esth. ii. 15.
10. L apidoth's .....	Judg. iv. 4.
11. L emuel .....	Prov. xxxi. 1.
12. T obiah .....	Neh. iv. 7.
13. H atach .....	Esth. iv. 5.
14. I mlah's .....	1 Kings xxii. 8.
15. N eriah's .....	Jer. xxxvi. 4.
16. G ideon .....	Judg. viii. 1.
17. S ennacherib .....	2 Kings xix. 37.

## WILD-ROSE.

**R**OSE, rose,  
Beautiful rose,  
With thy soul's sweetness enchanting the  
air,  
When thy leaves part  
Show us thy heart,  
Tell us the secrets that lie hidden there.

Rose, rose,  
Beautiful rose,  
Sorrow, and sadness, and care, dost thou know?  
Are thy bright tears,  
Offsprings of fears,  
Or do they only in happiness flow?

Rose, rose,  
Beautiful rose,  
When God first set thee in Eden of old,  
Sinless thou wert,  
Sinless thou art,  
Therefore no sorrow thy heart can enfold.

Rose, rose,  
Beautiful rose,  
Flow'r of the summer adorning the wild,  
Beauty alone  
Buildeth her throne  
In the pure bosom by sin undefiled. G. O.



## KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## NEXT OF KIN.



MEMORABLE event happened on the day that Edda was thus left alone. She gave herself to her embroidery, seeking, as is woman's wont, in the intricate monotony of stitch-counting, to lose count of troubles. Her frame had been taken, at Kate's suggestion, to the arbour, where the soft shadow of trees, and the soothing ripple of the languid river, deliciously cooled the sultry day. Every now and then light wherries, skimming along, came almost under the projecting balcony of the arbour, and won Edina's gaze for a moment from her stitchery. Not often, though, for, as we said, she was diligent, and soon became absorbed in her occupation.

A little, rather shabby hired boat, with one oarsman, had passed and repassed the arbour very frequently, entirely unnoticed by Edina. Sometimes the rower would strike out into mid-stream, and lie awhile on his oars, looking towards the arbour, suffering himself to be drifted by the current, then pulling back until he came to the little mooring-place, which had been made since the alteration of the boat-house, immediately under where Edina was sitting. The ripple this caused, and the grating of the keel of the boat against the landing-steps, startled her. Thinking some accident impending, she looked over the balcony and saw, to her surprise, the man standing on the thwart of the boat, and reaching up his hand to the trellis of the arbour.

"Hush! Miss Edina Smith," said this intruder, in a grave, authoritative voice, which at once stilled the exclamation that was rising to her lips, and riveted her to the spot, from which, a moment before, it was her impulse to fly. "Hush! as you value the memory of your mother. Answer me one question. Can you give me five minutes' uninterrupted conversation?"

"Who asks it? why not come to the house? who are you? why do you name my mother?"

"Because I have the right to do so, and to claim a private interview with you."

"Come, then, to the house."

"No; if you are free from all danger of interruption, I prefer speaking to you here, Edina."

The tones of the voice were so modulated as to be low, mournful, and impressive, and the familiar use of her name indicated that, whether she knew the stranger or not, he knew her; nay, more, knew her poor disowned mother. Some solution of that mother's history might be gained; so, all her feelings being roused, she said, "Oh, if you know anything which I, as a daughter, should be told of my poor injured mother, speak; you need fear no interruption."

As she uttered the last words, the man climbed from the boat easily over the trellis, and stood before her with a grave, sad face, and composed manner. He drew an unsealed blank envelope from his pocket, and placed it

in her hands. She opened it, and saw that it contained the letter she had lost when the dog attacked her.

"It is mine," she cried, all terror departing from her countenance, and her sweet eyes filling with grateful tears. "Who am I to thank for restoring it?"

"You can call me L'Estrange, if you will; it matters little what I am called."

The tone was one of great depression, and he sighed heavily, Edina saying, softly, "You could not have done me a greater kindness, sir, than returning me this," touching the envelope.

"Nay, for that matter it is, in a sense, mine also."

She looked up in mute surprise, her eyes asking the question her lips could not frame.

"Yes, Edina—mine. If anything is left to the wretched, all that dear hand wrote I could surely claim. But I give it you—I, who yet live to suffer, and perhaps to die as she did."

At that instant some shadowy remembrance of the face and form before her flashed upon Edina's mind, and she said—

"Was it not you, sir, who saved me from that savage dog?"

"If I were not both too oppressed and too miserable to find relief in anything, that recollection would comfort me, Edina."

The air of deep dejection, the pallor of his features, his educated mode of speech, all made their due impression; and her own name again used with such startling familiarity, excited the most intense sympathy and wonder as to who this stranger could be.

"Mr. L'Estrange," she faltered, "tell me what you mean, and why you call me, wholly unknown to you as I am, by my Christian name?"

"Wholly unknown! But she is not to blame, poor child, poor, hapless child," he added, as if to himself. "She knows not that there is a pang in every word she speaks to me."

"Nay, how can I know," said Edina, wrought to passion by his words, "unless you tell me? I am a poor orphan, sir; the sport, it seems, of circumstances, with which I struggle blindfold. Within this last fortnight, near this very spot, my mother died destitute; and I, who might have helped her, or have lightened her griefs by sharing them, only knew her fate, and my relationship, too late—too late. Why do you come to add to my sorrows, as you must if you do not explain yourself?"

She had spoken rapidly; her beating heart compelled her now to pause; and she clasped her hands against her side, and stood vibrating with emotion.

Very slowly, as if heaving the words up from his chest by a great effort, he answered, "An orphan? You are motherless, Edina; that does not make you an orphan. But I hesitate to say more. You, too, no doubt, will disown me, as she was disowned."

"Disown you! Who are you then?" gasped the poor girl.

"Your father!"

"Father?" She said no more, but was sinking on her knees at his feet. He thought she was faint, and raised her in his arms, seated her on the bench, and took her cold hands in both his.

"Compose yourself," he said, hastily. "You must not faint—for my sake—for the sake of the dead."

"Why were you not here? Why was she alone?" gasped Edina.

"Oh, that I had been with her! Oh, that I dared make known my wrongs! but that hard old man pursued her to her death. He has made me an exile, and would take my life."

"What man?"

"Your grandfather."

"Do not call him mine," cried the girl, a flame of anger rushing over her, and restoring animation. "He is not the only one of his race who can break the bonds of kindred. I disown him, as he did my mother."

"As he does me," said her companion, adding, "Edina, you bind my breaking heart. You will not betray me. I have risked much to get to you. Every moment here is fraught with danger."

"Betray you!" said she, in an accent that showed how the thought appalled her. "No, if it is my lifelong grief that I was powerless to do aught kind or good to one parent, do you—can you think I would do evil to the other? But bear with me awhile; if I cannot yet realise what you tell me—if, unused to any expression of filial love during my life, I seem cold to you, remember the training I have had: my heart in time will learn its duties."

As she spoke, he took a little packet of letters from his pocket, and, giving them to her, said—

"These are from your mother, Edina, to me. I leave them with you. I know love is not to be commanded at a moment. But you have comforted me, in not rejecting my claim. If I have the world's frown, I feel I shall not have yours. You will remember the last words written by a dying hand, which I was fortunate to find, and to restore to you. You will 'be obedient.' Filial love will come, if we do our duty. I yet may regain the station I have been hurled from."

"I will do my best," sobbed Edina, the tears—which surprise had checked—now flowing down her cheeks.

At that instant, a footstep on the gravel path was heard. Edina started to the entrance of the arbour to cover the retreat of her companion, who, whispering impressively, "Entire secrecy—everything just now depends on it," rested his hand on the top of the balcony, swung himself over, and, dropping into his boat, rowed off, just as Jessy came up, with the words—

"Why, law, miss, the bell have rung for tea this ten minutes; didn't you hear it?"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### A NIGHT-WHISPER.

It would be vain to attempt to unravel the tangled threads of Edina's thoughts, as she re-entered the house and mechanically took her seat at the tea-table. She was recalled to the necessity of guarding her looks by Jessy saying—

"I ask your pardon, Miss Smith, but the heat, or the hair off that river, have made your face all red-like. It's terrible blowing, is sun and hair."

"I'm well, Jessy, you need not wait," was the reply; and the woman, elevating her eyebrows, and throwing at Edina a parting glance of keen suspicion, left the room.

That evening every harsh word that Mr. Graspington had uttered to his granddaughter rose to her recollection, and added bitterness to her thoughts of him. She came to the settled conclusion, not only that his unforgiving spirit was unchristian and detestable, but that he had driven her unfortunate parents into misery out of sheer revenge; and that not only her hapless mother's fate testified against him, but that her father's wrongs appealed to her for sympathy. She was deeply troubled that her heart was far fuller of indignation against the enemy of that father, than of filial affection. The very anxiety with which she recalled his speech and manner, and kept repeating to herself, "he is manifestly a gentleman of education; his mournful tones when he spoke of my poor mother showed his kindness for her," indicated a latent indefinable something, that made her dissatisfied with herself.

"My heart is surely frozen," she continued, angrily; "else why do I recoil and shrink from him—from my father? How often have I read that nature has a voice which makes itself heard in such a relationship, even when there has been a long separation through those childish years, when the love grows so easily? But in my hard heart there sounds no such voice. Still, duty can be commanded. Poor mother!—you, whom I know I could have loved!—I'll remember your words, and be obedient."

The evening wore away quickly, for, in her perturbation, she took no note of time. The embroidery frame had been brought in from the arbour, but the work attempted that night was like much that we do in life—had to be unpicked afterwards, with all the difficulty of ugly traces remaining to mar the rest. It surprised her when Jessy, half yawning, came to ask if she could do anything for her, as a reminder that it was time to retire. Edina declined all help, and, mounting to her room, lingered over her night toilet, so deeply occupied with her thoughts that her candle might be seen from her window long after all the household were wrapped in darkness and sleep. In truth, she was reading the packet of letters that had been given her. They bore an Australian postmark, and had been sent from her mother at Melbourne to her father at Sydney, where, it would seem, he was transacting some business. There were complaints of his absence; expressions of affection and sorrow at the hard fate which had compelled them to reside at such a distance from their native land; and in one letter, a remark that alluded to Edina. "If I only had possession of my child, I should be strong to help you in any and every endeavour to regain our rightful position in the world, and to retrieve the past; but when I think of her, all my energies are crushed." In another place there was—"If it were only land and not ocean, I would walk barefoot to the dear child. You should not then complain of my being worn and sad. Pity me, as

I pity you. Let us comfort one another in our trouble." There were frequent allusions to a bitter enemy and persecutor, and to letters that had been sent to Europe only to be returned unanswered. They were all signed simply—"Chrissy."

All that she read was indicative of a loving, suffering, pleading woman. There was no narrative to be drawn out from these letters; they merely attested the relationship claimed, and showed a clinging, sorrowful affection. As if to supplement the want of a statement, there was a slip of paper added, with these words, in a strong, clear, masculine hand—

*Letters of my poor wife, rescued from the fire in our tent at Ballarat.*

A false charge was brought against me years ago, by which my family were estranged, and discarded me. I took the name of L'Estrange. I was obliged to emigrate. An annuity promised to us was so badly paid that we returned—not to England, but to France—led there in the hope of recovering our only child. Sickness and misfortune tracked our steps. Our enemy had notice of our having left Australia, and refused all help. My poor wife followed the departure of our child to England, and has perished—want and exposure increasing her heart disease. I am left to struggle on, and try to get the rights I have been defrauded of.

Edina was reading and puzzling over this again and again, the ticking of the hall clock vibrating audibly through the stillness of the house, when suddenly a faint rushing sound that she could not define came through the bedroom. She started, and looked round. Was it the light rustle of one of the letters that had fallen from her hand upon the floor? Yes, that must be it. She stooped down to gather the letter up, when she heard the faint noise again, like a sigh, or a whisper, which?

"Edina, Edina." Yes, it was the very faintest breathing of her name. She involuntarily answered "Yes," and stood up, not knowing what to expect, but sure of the word that had struck upon her ear.

Singularly free from all superstitions, the young girl paused, and listened for a moment; then went to the door, on to the lobby, and looked out on the staircase. All was still. She turned the handle of the inner room, in which the ebony cabinet stood, but just at that instant—straight as a shaft—came the whisper through the half-glass door that led out on to the balcony steps. She was well wrapped in her dressing-gown and slippers, and, without a moment's hesitation, or time to think coherently, she undid the fastenings of the inner shutter, turned the lock, and was outside on the top of the steps, and looking down into the garden. No one was there. There was no moonlight, but the night was clear and warm. The stars shone calmly down as the whispered word "Edina" yet again seemed to rustle among the flowers that garlanded the balcony.

The natural thought that it was the visitant of the afternoon, who, under cover of the night, sought to resume the conversation which had been interrupted, impelled her, almost as if a hand led her, to descend into the garden. She rapidly paced the path to the arbour before she had time to lose surprise and curiosity in terror. Suddenly, Keeper's loud bark sounded from the stables, and being now assured that there was no one in the arbour, she hastily retreated—fear adding fleetness to her footsteps. Rushing back, and up the steps, she was soon in her own room, where she found

the draught from the open door had extinguished the candle on her toilet table. Scared as she was, she felt a little astonished that in so calm a night the light had not continued to burn; but she recollected, while searching for her taper-box, that she had opened the balcony door very hurriedly, and so, doubtless, created a strong current of air. The tremor of her hand kept her some little time from remedying the mishance. When her candle was lighted, and she was about to fasten up her door, she felt sure she heard the tread of a man's footsteps on the terrace. Throwing up the window opposite to the half-glass door which she had just fastened, she looked out, and found breath to say, "Is any one there?"

A bright light flashed upwards to her face, and in its ray she saw no more romantic object than a policeman, who answered—"Don't be frightened, miss. The dog was barking, and I came to see that all was right."

"Thank you; but is the gate then left open?" Suddenly thinking, with sickening dread, of the consequence if her father was in the grounds, she added—"The dog often barks."

The man answered, "I've a way of opening the gate, miss, since there was that trespass in the boat-house."

Edina closed her window, with a sense of security for the house in this watchfulness, and of uneasiness in other respects. She sat down, gathered up her letters, and began questioning herself. "Could I be mistaken? Did I not hear a whisper?"

She listened intently, as if expecting again to hear it; but all was profoundly still.

"Am I going to be ill?" she pondered; "are my senses deceiving me?"

With an uncomfortable creeping chill running over her that was far more nervous dread than cold, she cowered into her bed, and buried her weary head in the pillows, not without fancying at intervals that she heard that penetrating whisper again uttering her name; then, after starting up and chiding herself for the folly, she came at length to the assurance that her nerves were at fault.

It was long before she fell asleep; and when first losing consciousness, she was twice aroused by a sensation of falling down the outside steps, which, in her dreamy fancy, were lengthened, to an almost interminable stair, at the foot of which stood a fierce dog.

With a gasp she awoke, panting with fear. At length she sunk into a quiet sleep, which continued some hours; but just before the time for rising, as some of her faculties began to wake, a dream troubled her.

She dreamt she was carrying her letters into the next room to put them away in the ebony cabinet there, when, as she was opening the drawer, a gaunt, pale hand was stretched over her shoulder, and held fast closed the drawer she wanted to open. She touched the hand, and it sent an icy chill through all her veins. She tried to turn her head, and look back at the form, which she felt was hovering near, but she dared not—a rigour held her stiffening joints. She could only look before her at the cabinet. Suddenly there rose from behind it the form of Kate Ormond, whose face confronted her full of both terror and anger, and who, waving her hand haughtily, said the one word,

"Begone." An instant after the marble hand, from over her shoulder, dealt a blow at the cabinet, and shattered it to pieces. The noise of these pieces falling roused her, and she sat up, trembling and unrefreshed—the mower's scythe on the lawn under her window being the only sound near.

How glad she felt that it was but a dream! how surprised at its vividness—a surprise which, as she rose, and the cheerful sunlight poured into her windows, soon vanished. For she reasoned justly that the incident of yesterday was quite enough to account for restlessness; and as to dreams, she was glad that some other face than that of late so often seen in them—her dead mother's—had visited her unquiet slumbers.

By the time she was ready to leave her chamber, she had accounted for all the disturbance by uttering the one accommodating, nineteenth-century word—nerves. Nevertheless, somehow she was constrained, before going down-stairs, to look into the adjacent room; and a strange sense of satisfaction, not unaccompanied with some mental derision of herself, was felt when she saw the ebony cabinet all safe. She crossed to where it stood, paused on her way to open a window, "and glorify the room" with the morning sunbeams. She laid her hand familiarly on the doors of the cabinet, thinking how it had troubled her repose, and of the mystery of dreams, when, as she half opened it, she started a moment; then all eagerly leaned forward. What had she seen? A mere nothing. Yet it was strange, certainly—very strange; for portrading from one of the drawers, and partly shut in by it, was a tress of curling light hair. The little glossy tendril hung down, as if, escaped out of some flattening fold, it was taking its spiral ringlet form again. Edina, as she softly touched it with one hand, opened the drawer with the other, and releasing it, saw that it was tied by a ligature of blue silk, to which a bit of paper was fastened. Written on the paper were the words—"The first gift of dearest Blanche."

She felt certain that the drawers were recently quite empty—for she had seen them all opened, and the locks being out of order, they were not used. She hastily glanced through them, to make quite sure that she had not been mistaken as to their being all entirely unused. Indeed, only two or three days previously, it had been suggested to Edina that if she liked she might make a workroom of the study, and keep her wools and fancy materials in the ebony cabinet. How long she might have stood looking inquiringly at the tress of hair is uncertain, for its appearance was unaccountable; but she heard Jessy's voice at her bedroom door, and so returning the curl to the fold of paper from which it had slipped, and laying it carefully in the drawer in which she had found it wedged, she descended to the breakfast room.

She was not certain, but she thought that Miss Ormond's mother's name was Blanche; if so, how glad would Kate be to have the ringlet. Edina knew that her friend had been motherless from infancy, and that she regretted possessing no portrait of her mother. Still the mystery of the curl being found where it was tormented her; though she tried to make herself believe that in recently looking into the cabinet, with a view to using it, this little tress of hair, folded as it was so closely, and likely to cling to any fibre of wood, might have slipped under one of the drawers, between it and the case, and thus have worked out unperceived, and been shut in inadvertently when she had closed the drawer. She rejected this, however, well remembering when she last touched the cabinet. Perhaps a servant in dusting had shaken the drawers or opened them?

It was not a satisfactory solution, but the best she could arrive at. After breakfast, she could not rest until she had mounted again to the study, opened the cabinet, and carefully taken out all the drawers; thus making quite sure that nothing else was left pushed into any crevice, from whence it might come to be a perplexity rather than a pleasure.

(To be continued.)

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."—(TWENTY-FIFTH LIST.)

[We shall be glad to receive any lists which may still be out, as it is desirable to close the account without further delay. A statement of the fund will shortly be laid before our readers.—ED. QUIVER.]

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G. Rayner, Hogthorpe	0 5 6	0 5 6	
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THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.



THE Rev. J. B. Owen is well known in most parts of the United Kingdom as an eloquent preacher and an accomplished lecturer. To the readers of this magazine he is familiar as a constant contributor to its pages. Mr. Owen was born at Portsmouth, in the year 1809, and educated at St. Paul's Grammar School, Southsea, and subsequently at St. John's College, Cambridge. His

father, Jacob Owen, Esq., is a gentleman of position and influence in the city of Dublin. Having graduated at Cambridge, and been ordained, Mr. Owen was first appointed curate of Walsall Wood—a curacy devoid alike of salary, church, and house—situate in a wild heath, where a population of some 900 colliers and nailmakers had recently sprung up. A church was subsequently erected there during the ministry of his successor, Mr. Owen having chiefly collected the means to build it. Mr. Owen was soon promoted to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Bilston, and here for twenty years Mr. Owen laboured with untiring zeal and much success amongst the inhabitants of what is morally and physically "the black country." A fine parsonage, magnificent schools, extensive wash-houses, and public reading-rooms for the comfort and benefit of the working population, still remain in this district, memorials of Mr. Owen's practical Christian zeal. While Mr. Owen held this appointment, he was also chairman of the Guardians of the Wolverhampton Union, and a Justice of the Peace for Staffordshire. So great was the respect and regard entertained for Mr. Owen, that when leaving Staffordshire for St. John's, Bedford Row, some twelve years since, he was presented with a splendid service of plate, worth £1,000, by his Staffordshire friends. At St. John's, Mr. Owen ministered with unabated zeal and increasing popularity until the year 1867, when that church was accidentally destroyed; and Mr. Owen was soon appointed to St. Jude's, Chelsea, of which he is still the honoured and popular incumbent. Mr. Owen is also the chairman of the Polytechnic Institution, which, having failed five years ago, Mr. Owen took up, and succeeded in making a complete success. This institution, as our readers are doubtless aware, is intended, by supplying healthy, instructive amusement, to counteract the evil tendencies of places of entertainment which are unhealthily exciting. As another evidence of the practical nature of Mr. Owen's Christian zeal, we may mention that for many years Mr. Owen was the head of the "Mutual Provident Alliance," one of the largest friendly societies in England; and with unremitting attention he has also discharged the duties of chairman of the Board of the Royal Free Hospital, one of the noblest of London charities.

In addition to his ministerial labours at Chelsea, Mr. Owen lectures every Friday evening at Wapping parish church, and he preaches at the early Sunday morning service, at half-past six o'clock, at St. Swithin's, Cannon Street. When to all these varied and laborious duties—all of which Mr. Owen conscientiously and punctually discharges—we add his occasional visits to provincial towns to

preach for some society, or lecture for some local charity, we may, without exaggeration, say that Mr. Owen's ministerial and practical Christian labours are truly Herculean. With all this work Mr. Owen never seems wearied or exhausted. There is always the genial smile—the pleasant greeting—the kindly welcome. As a preacher, Mr. Owen has attained a very wide renown. His style is terse, vigorous, and epigrammatic. He teaches simple earnest evangelical truth in a more attractive style than—we regret to say it—is often to be met with. He is master of pathetic description; though, like a wise orator, he seldom indulges in that in which he is so peculiarly at home. In his lecturing or speaking, Mr. Owen has more scope for indulging in the styles which are most thoroughly natural to him. His declamation is powerfully able and earnest, as in a few short sentences he sometimes rises to a climax of denunciation. His humour is admirable. He not only tells a joke well, but he *looks* it still better. His conversation sparkles with joke, repartee, and anecdote, to which his bright eye, and quiet, as if unconscious, manner, add a peculiar zest.

Mr. Owen's pen has not been idle. Among other contributions to literature, he has published "Old Friends, and What Became of Them," "Silas Ewen: a School Biography," "The Homes of Scripture," and, recently, a *brochure*, entitled "Fenians, Informers, and Habeas Corpus," which contains an admirable sketch of Irish character, and exhibits a true appreciation of the real "wrongs of Ireland."

We cannot better conclude this brief notice of the Rev. J. B. Owen than by relating an incident in connection with literature, which redounds much to Mr. Owen's credit. In the year 1842, to stem the torrent of infidel and revolutionary literature then raging among the working classes, the clergy and some of the laity of Birmingham and the Midland towns started a cheap religious weekly paper, called the *Midland Monitor*, and, at their request, Mr. Owen undertook its editorship gratuitously, and for two years conducted it with much success. It was then merged into a kindred paper in Birmingham, edited by his old friend the Rev. Thomas Ragg, author of "Creation's Testimony to its God." Mr. Owen never received any other remuneration for this labour than the grateful respect of his brethren and the satisfaction of having helped to stem the torrent of bad sentiment prevailing at the time.

We would that all ministers of the Gospel who have a work similar to that of Mr. Owen, will not disdain to emulate the perseverance and hopeful-heartedness of their brother-labourer in the cause of the religious and social improvement of the community.

## A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## ROME.



It is true, I am in Rome, of which I have heard and read and learned so much; and yet I enter it without an additional heart-throb, and almost without feeling. I am not disappointed with Rome now that I see it face to face, but I am grievously disappointed with myself for being so callous, so stoical, so unimpressed, and unsusceptible on the occasion of my first visit.

It is a late hour of the afternoon, it is still daylight; we are rumbling in carriages and omnibuses from the railway to our "own hired house." I feel more a sensation of sadness than any other feeling. I thought I would have felt awed and subdued; but I do not. The fact is, Rome is like any other city I have visited of late, only not so clean and rectangular as Turin, nor so beautiful as Florence, and it lacks the glory of the waters to make it the rival of Naples. Rome has her own specialities, however, which render her distinct from all else; but it is all a vast ruin, the scene of a buried past, the grave of an enacted history. Rome is a mausoleum, containing the ashes of a thousand memories; the dead past is buried, but not out of sight. Rome has been indeed well designated as the "Niobe of Nations"—all tears, for the glory of which she has been widowed, and for her children of whom she has been bereaved. I feel disposed to weep with her, and to sorrow over her glory now departed.

I am in the land of the Forum, in the city of the Cæsars; and yet scarce any of the romance of that imperishable history impresses me as I enter. The streets are narrow and dirty; the people un-Roman-like; the shops small and obscure; the beggars many. In fact, there seems to be nothing calculated to wake one up, and I begin to feel a sensation of disappointment; when lo, we cross the river; and across that bridge, studded with many statues, is the massive Castle of St. Angelo; and a little further, to the left, is the vast dome of St. Peter's, towering aloft in the darkening shadows of the eventide! This is something to attract my attention, and to recall me from the feeling of sadness and disappointment. So I wake up at last to the thought—"I am in Rome!"

About half-way between St. Angelo and St. Peter's is our place of sojourn for more than a week in Rome. It is one of the Roman palaces—the Palazzo Torlonia in Borgo. The building is a large and prominent one in the main thoroughfare to St. Peter's and the Vatican. It fronts to the Borgo Nuovo, and is entered through a courtyard

which forms an inner inclosure, four-square. This palace has been hired by our party for the period of our stay in Rome. We are many, but the house is by far too large for us, notwithstanding that a company of French Zouaves are accommodated on the ground-floor. The rooms are spacious, lofty, most of them sumptuously furnished, besides containing a choice collection of paintings and tapestry. The drawing-room is quite palatial in point of dimensions and furniture. The *salle-à-manger* consists of a suite of two rooms, with reception-rooms adjoining. A ballroom, private theatre, and a multitude of bedrooms make up the accommodation supplied by our Roman residence. The drawbacks are but few, among which I would mention, first of all, the intolerable height of staircase to climb; then the staff of attendants, though large, is scarcely sufficient for the size of the building, if only to keep down the dust, of which any London housemaid would be utterly ashamed. There are, besides, no bells in any of the rooms, so that you have but little chance of communication with those who can best supply your wants. You are as likely to be heard by the Pope in the Vatican yonder as by any of the servants in that great house.

But, I must observe, our Palazzo is rather a celebrated place in the matter of its historical associations. It is immortalised in "Murray," under its old name, the Palazzo Giraud. I find, for instance, the following description in the "Handbook":—

*Palazzo Giraud*, in the Piazza Scossacavali of the Borgo. It has an interest for English travellers, as the palace of the representatives of England at the Court of Rome before the Reformation. It was built in 1506 by Bramante, for Cardinal Adriano da Corneto, who presented it to Henry VIII., and for some years it was the residence of the English ambassador. It was given by Henry VIII. to Cardinal Campeggio, and was subsequently converted into an ecclesiastical college by Innocent XII. On the removal of the college to near the Ponte Sisto, the palace was purchased from the Government by the Marquis Giraud; the principal gateway, quite out of harmony with the rest of the fine façade, was added at a comparatively recent period. A few years since it became the property, by purchase, of the banker Torlonia. Cardinal Wolsey resided here during his last visit to Rome.

These associations of our place of sojourn in Rome would, of course, awaken a great many national sympathies, and render the house all the more interesting; besides, it commands, from one side, one of the very best views of the façade and dome of St. Peter's and the Vatican, which are only a few minutes' walk from us. While I now write, under the full moon, the largest and loftiest

dome in Europe is before me, visible from my bedroom window, and standing out like some colossal thing toward heaven. I think, then, that for every reason our Palazzo ought to be an enjoyable place of sojourn for a season.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### ROME: GENERAL VIEW.

WE have come here, most of us, for the sake of seeing Rome during the ecclesiastical celebrations of Holy Week. Nor are we the only pilgrims who have resorted hither for the Easter season. Rome seems to be, just at the present time, a very Babel. We see all nations represented here; we observe all manner of costumes; we hear all sorts of languages—Italian, French, and English largely predominating. All the churches are swathed in mourning; all kinds of preparations are being made for the concluding ceremonies of Lent, and for the joyful inauguration of Easter-time. The English consul and the American consul have no sinecure this week, I can assure you; for they are stormed night and day, right and left, for tickets of admission to the chief ceremonies; and, from the number who succeed in gaining their requests, I should guess that the said tickets are lavished in those quarters without stint or sparing. In the distribution of such favours in Rome, England is, undoubtedly, for some reason or other, the favourite. It is Tuesday, and the high ceremonies do not commence until to-morrow; so we have this day to devote to a general view of Rome. I am now writing just after having such a view of the great city—its grand basilice, and temples, and hills, and Capitol, and Forum, and Coliseum, and Vatican, and museums, and churches, and statues, and pillars, and columns, and galleries, and amphitheatres, and baths, and palaces, and triumphal arches, and fountains, and streets, and piazzas; and all I can do is to draw a hasty breath, and wonderingly exclaim—What a marvellous place! this ancient, this modern city; this pagan, this Papal city; this city of palaces, this city of ruins; this marvellous compound of the majestic past and the degenerate present; this strange mosaic of classic and religious associations; the present as a groundwork and the past inlaid; this city of Rome!

And yet, withal, I do not like Rome. That which is modern destroys the effect of that which is ancient. Much of the romance of Roman history has been cooled and quenched within me, by spending this holiday in Rome. The once city of the Cæsars, the mother of a race second to none in the world, is now the metropolis of a degenerate people; a city of narrow streets, with clothes hung out to dry; an ill-drained, ill-ventilated place; the city of ancient aqueducts, and of baths that were equal to towns in extent, is now an un-

washed place, both as to its localities and its people. The fact is, all modern Rome, with the exception of its more distinguished churches, ought to be pulled down, and a new city built that would more worthily stand side by side with the majestic relics of the past. As it is, the contrasts are too painfully obvious. A small forge, a greengrocery establishment, or a mean *café*, may be found flanking some grand temple of Mars, or Minerva, or Vesta; and then a narrow turn from a very dirty little street introduces you to the Forum—the scene, in ancient days, of most of the distinguished deeds of early Rome; and yet again, from the height of the Capitol, with all its heroic associations, we plunge into a very maze of poor and undistinguished streets, which in London would be called courts or alleys. Let some young collegian, fresh from his Livy and his studies in Roman history, only pass down that winding street that leads from the Capitoline to the foot of the Tarpeian Rock, and he will soon have the romance taken out of him, when he finds himself in a close, or *cul de sac*, very filthy, with old and tattered clothes hanging out of the windows, and a company of begging children taking hold of him by the coat-tails for a few bajocchi, and the rock itself reduced by considerably more than half its original depth, by the accumulation of soil at its base, and surmounted with mud cabins, which are anything but an improvement on the former state of this historic place.

Rome has a government—a local and home government—but its economy seems to be but carelessly administered, considering the pretensions it puts forth to the world. Rome stands much in need of a Board of Works, or a Metropolitan Board, or a Sanitary Commission, or a main drainage undertaking; even a local vestry would be a blessing to Rome. The whole time of the authorities seems to be occupied in processions, and celebrations, and gaudy ceremonials, and decking of altars, and a kind of religious pantomime and caricature of holy things; and, meanwhile, the people are discontented and unhappy, and the very worst kind of mismanagement characterises the whole administration of affairs. Here we have the Head Centre of Roman Catholic Christendom, cardinals by scores, prelates, and priests, and monks, and friars, and every gradation of ecclesiastics, with the vast temple of St. Peter's, and 365 churches besides; and what better commentary need I add thereon than this—the advice I received even from Roman Catholics—not to be out alone in the streets of Rome after nine o'clock at night—that is, if I meant to be safe and free from the knife or the stiletto! Much labour is spent, and much money is bestowed, on gaudy and sumptuous *spectacula*—mere shows for a crowd to look at; but the social, and even the physical administration of Rome is plainly below par, and is at fault somewhere.



I came to Rome striving to divest myself of prejudice, and to view things as I should find them. I felt myself disposed to make the best, rather than to construe the worst, of the doings of Rome, both civil and ecclesiastical. I have learned to respect the sincere convictions of Roman Catholics, seeing that so much depends upon the associations of birth and education. The great controversy with Rome is a subtle and a difficult one, and such as is not to be settled in a moment, or to be too strongly or summarily dogmatised about on either side. Many able men, and sincere men, and learned men, and pious men have taken opposite sides on this vexed question. The Bible, indeed, settles the controversy finally and for ever for such as love and revere its heavenly truths and its God-sent messages to men; but who in Rome has a Bible? There are Bibles carved in stone and statuary, but the living Word I saw nowhere; and I think I may safely say that, from whatever source the people of Rome derive their religion, they can scarcely even pretend that they have it from the Holy Scriptures.

Rome is a garrisoned dependency of France; the tricolour floats from the Castle of St. Angelo; French soldiers are everywhere to be seen through the city; and without the French protectorate it is hard to say what would happen to all concerned. Rome is left far in the rear of modern progress. It has made but little effort in using the appliances that are now adopted by other cities for self-improvement. It is not many years since gas was allowed to be used in Rome, and even now it is but a scanty light that is supplied. Some little auxiliary light is gained by the frequent shrines that one meets with throughout the city, but the lights that burn before the way-side shrines are poor and sickly oil-lamps, affording a specimen of the "dim religious light" that the poet speaks of. The water-supply of Rome is good, reminding one of the water-power that once ran through the vast aqueduct, the ruins of which are among the choicest and most remarkable of the scenes of the ancient city. The public fountains are many, and some of them very great and large. But there seems to be a great waste of this water-supply in Rome: the useful is sacrificed to the beautiful. Here are

streets reeking with bad smells, in urgent need of a thorough flushing; and there, hard by, is a fountain of water, spouting out in jets and flowers—for ornament, but not for use. And this is but the type of a deeper necessity and a greater want. Here is a clerical power sufficient, in point of numbers, to supply every parish in England, and it is running all to waste. Cardinals rumble about in their old yellow coaches; every tenth man you meet is clad in some ecclesiastical costume; the services, and masses, and litanies are being sung all the live-long day, by priests, in empty churches and without any congregations. I have seen as many as fifty ecclesiastics swell the procession at a single funeral; monks go about in masks, visit houses to bless the bricks and mortar with holy water, and beg about the streets. Then who can wonder that Rome is thus badly administered, when men prefer to spend their time in this sort of way, rather than to work for the social and physical good of their country?

The mendicancy of modern Rome is one of its most melancholy characteristics. On the very first morning of our visit, the first specimen of the *civis Romanus* I had the opportunity of beholding was a monk, dressed in his peculiar garb, standing in the lobby of our palazzo, with his little tin begging-box in his hand, asking alms of our party as they passed on to the breakfast table. The monk was dismissed the premises, by order of the officials in charge. The mendicancy and inactivity of the monks and priests are, as an example, not lost upon the people, who too implicitly imitate them. I remember, one day, in the Forum, observing a group of boys at a church door—all begging. I thought I saw one of the boys assume the attitude of a helpless cripple; I watched him, and my suspicions were still more aroused. To test the matter, I threw myself in his way. Presently he was beside me, in his huge deformity. I looked seriously, and shook my fist at him; whereupon the once helpless "cripple" took to his strong heels and straight legs, and ran for his life. Now, for such a miracle as that I think I ought to be canonised! Some have been as good as deified for less!

(To be continued.)

## MISSING!



MISS a face that I used to see,  
A handsome face with a happy look;  
I know it wore not its smile for me,  
But I shared the glow of its spotless glee  
And bloom from its blossoming youth  
I took.

Such faces are few enough, I trow;  
Some have the beauty without the bliss;

But when through the city streets I go,  
And watch the faces, and scan them too,  
I seldom see such a face as this!

I miss it now, and my heart is sore,  
Lest it never gladden mine eyes again;  
Or I see it—not as it was before—  
A rose that some one has trampled o'er,  
A lily soiled by the dust and rain. I. F.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S SUN AND SHIELD.

- BY THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WATERFORD.



ANY and striking are the figures employed in the Holy Scriptures to set forth the security and blessedness of those who truly put their trust in the Lord; and in order to this, our God has graciously vouchsafed to reveal himself to us under various titles, all conveying to the mind the ideas of strength, comfort, and protection on the part of God, and of our weakness and absolute dependence upon him. Thus he is revealed to us as a shepherd, a father, a husband, a rock, a castle, a sun, and shield.

Under the last-named figures we find the Lord God set forth to us by David in Psalm lxxiv. This psalm was written at a time of great trial to the "sweet singer of Israel," when, through adverse circumstances—during the rebellion of his son Absalom, he was removed far from the Temple of Jerusalem, and separated from the congregation of the Lord's people. But, even under the Jewish dispensation, the true worshipper could worship in spirit and in truth, although cut off from the full enjoyment of religious ordinances as appointed of God. Under the Gospel dispensation, the Christian is not limited to any particular place, and all such restrictions as existed under the ceremonial laws, are done away in Christ. Nevertheless, the believer will always appreciate the privilege of public worship, remembering the special promise of our Lord that where two or three are met together in his name, there is he in the midst of them. In the 11th and 12th verses of this beautiful psalm, the inspired writer sets forth the blessedness of the man that trusts in God as he is revealed in his Holy Word; and first he points out in what character and relationship to his people God is revealed to us. In doing this, David speaks not of God as revealed merely in the wonders of his works and the goodness of his providence, but refers rather to the revelation of the Divine attributes in the covenant relationship in which God has vouchsafed to manifest himself under the old dispensation of the Law, and which is more clearly exhibited to us in the Gospel.

This idea appears to be conveyed in the very name by which the Almighty is designated in this passage. The psalmist describes him as "The LORD God." It will be observed that the word "Lord" is printed in capital letters in our Bibles. This is, of course, a mark made by the translators of the Authorised Version; but it was intended by them to denote an important distinction in the original of the inspired volume. Wherever the name of the LORD is thus found in capitals, the original Hebrew has it JEHOVAH—the incommunicable name of

God, as he revealed it specially to Abraham and afterwards to Moses. There is another Hebrew term, also translated by the English word "Lord;" but it is not "JEHOVAH," but "Adonai," and where this name occurs, the word "Lord" is not given in capital letters. A remarkable instance of this distinction will be found in the 1st verse of Psalm cx., where we read, "The LORD said unto my Lord," that is, "JEHOVAH said unto my Adonai." And our Saviour quoted this verse to show that David, in speaking of the Messiah, who was to be his son after the flesh, acknowledges him as his Lord, that is, his superior and ruler; thus implying his Divine nature, although not here expressly stated to be Jehovah, as from many other places of Holy Writ we learn that our Saviour is. But not only is the Almighty designated by the name JEHOVAH, which means the Self-existent One—the great I AM, but also as ELOHIM, translated God, as the psalmist says, "The LORD GOD is a sun and shield." It is remarkable that throughout the Old Testament the name of God is, in the original Hebrew, a word in the plural number, but always joined to a verb in the singular, thus intimating a plurality of persons in one God. Moreover, the meaning of the word ELOHIM is the *Sworn Ones*, the reference being to the covenant of redemption between the Persons of the Holy Trinity for the salvation of fallen man. When David, in another psalm, says, "O LORD, thou art my God; in thee do I put my trust," it is as if he had said, "O thou self-existent, almighty Being, who art my covenant God, engaged by thy truth to be my Saviour; in thee do I put my trust." In like manner does the Prophet Isaiah triumphantly exclaim, "O LORD, thou art my God! I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things; thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth."

But to come to our immediate subject. The psalmist describes the LORD his GOD (Jehovah his Elohim) as "a sun and shield." In similar language, in Psalm xxvii., he says, "The LORD is my light and my salvation;" and when God appeared to Abraham he revealed himself in like manner—"I am thy shield, and thine exceeding great reward." These figures very easily convey to our minds the idea manifestly of light, comfort, and joy, under the image of the SUN, and of protection, security, and defence, under the figure of a SHIELD. As light and joy to the animal creation, and life and fruitfulness in the vegetable world, are associated with the sun, and dependent on his beams, even so, for all spiritual light, for guidance, joy, and peace, must man be

dependent upon the heavenly teaching, the gracious guiding, and the continual indwelling of God's Holy Spirit; and as an ancient warrior found a shield to be needful for his defence against the assaults of the foe, and to ward off the arrows of the enemy, even so must the believer by faith look to God, as revealed in the covenant of grace through his Son Jesus Christ, for protection against the assaults of Satan, and thus take "the shield of faith" to be "above all" the "armour of God," whereby he shall be "able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one."

But as, notwithstanding that the brightness of the sun and all his animating influences remain over the same, yet the earth, with man and all creatures upon it, is oftentimes involved in darkness, even so may the believer not infrequently be found "walking in darkness and having no light," and often does his soul go leanly and unfruitful in the knowledge of his Saviour, notwithstanding that there is no change in the "Sun of Righteousness," nor less of "healing in his wings" at one time than at another. The cause of darkness and deadness in the natural world is not any diminution of the light or heat of the sun, but arises from the motion of the earth, hiding his rays from the part which we inhabit, and at times mists and fogs ascend from the earth itself to obscure the light of the sun; and in like manner, the cause of all darkness and unfruitfulness in the Christian's soul is not any change in Christ, who is the true light, and the source of all holiness, but that which is deficient in the believer, whether of joy and peace, or of holiness of life, is to be attributed to the clouds arising from his own corruptions, or his

doubts and fears hiding good things from him; or from the soul's temporary departure from Christ; to his turning his back and not his face towards the only true source of holiness and of happiness; to his looking away from Jesus, his light and his salvation, instead of "looking off" from every other object "unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith," and so "running with patience the race that is set before him." And as, notwithstanding, a shield might have been never so strong, or a place of refuge never so secure, yet if a man should with vain confidence cast away the one, or incautiously depart from within the other, he would be exposed to danger, and could derive no benefit from either, even so, although Christ, his shield and refuge, is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," yet is the Christian oftentimes pierced by the arrows of the wicked one, and often is he wounded by the assaults of Satan; not through any flaw in his shield, not through any weakness of his place of refuge, but by reason of his laying aside his shield, through the weakness of his faith, or by wandering from his tower of strength, even Jesus, "the name of the Lord, which is a strong tower," into which "the righteous runneth . . . and is safe."

Let us then ever look to Jesus as our light, and as "the Sun of Righteousness," and pray that we may so continually live in the light of his countenance, that we may have real happiness and holiness, that we may ever fly to Christ as our refuge, and shelter ourselves under him as our shield, and abide in him as our only hiding-place from the assaults of the foe, and our only ark of security from the wrath of God denounced against sin.

## THE DEEPER DEPTH;

OR, SCENES OF REAL LIFE AMONG THE VERY POOR.—NO. XI.

**I**N the opinion of a well known journal, "the Poor Law of England reflects the highest credit upon the Parliament which made it, and the nation at large which has, on the whole, so well carried it out. Its spirit is that of true Christian charity, and its practice a system of organised benevolence, suited to the condition of a busy people, who are individually too much occupied to distribute their own alms, and yet desire to have their poor properly relieved." It would be pleasant to be able to adopt this definition of the Poor Law; we have, however, only to look below the surface, to mark its working, not from the standpoint of the parochial authorities, who are sure to belong to the Optimist school, but from that of the poor themselves, and we shall arrive at a very different conclusion. Indeed, the above

flattering description of the law is introduced in an article the very purport of which is to point out its defects and demand a remedy. Not the least glaring of these is the different proportions of out-door and in-door relief in London and the provinces; in the latter, 18·9 per cent. is expended in the maintenance of the poor in the workhouses, and 81·1 per cent. is distributed as out-door relief in their own dwellings; whereas in the former 58 per cent. is expended upon maintenance in-doors, and only 42 per cent. on the out-door poor. Thus the metropolitan poor receive little more than half the assistance in their own homes, which is thought necessary for their provincial brethren, while it is a significant fact that pauperism is decreasing everywhere but in London itself. When we come to inquire into the reason for this remarkable disproportion of the out to the in-door relief in the

metropolis, we find that it may often be attributed to the peculiar views of the relieving officers, many of whom act upon their own private interpretation of the Poor Law, instead of the broad principles of justice and humanity. Many instances of this have been brought to our notice in Kent Street, one side of which belongs to St. George's, Southwark, and the other to Newington Butts; in which workhouses the out-door relief amounts to little more than 30 per cent. The reply to nearly every applicant is—"Come into the house; we'll give you nothing out." Such a course of action is not only unjust to the deserving poor, but also to the ratepayers themselves; as in many cases a *little* out-door relief during the worst season of the year would carry a family over their difficulties; whereas, through the arbitrary conduct of its officials, the parish has frequently to maintain them for a lengthened period, if not altogether. What right have these men to disobey the law they are paid to administer, and thus hopelessly to pauperise the poor? Why should our destitute brethren be led "to despise our mercies," through the conceit and arrogance of hirelings, who forget, in the maintenance of their self-importance, that they are the almoners of a great Christian nation? We talk of the Poor Law being a uniform provision for the needy. It is exactly the reverse. There is very little system in its administration. Here and there we find it interpreted justly and kindly by humane and intelligent men, but for the most part it is made a terror to the honest poor by the ignorance and caprice of its officials. Thus in one London parish, with a dense and poor population of 105,000, we have only £2,307 spent in out-door relief; while in another, containing 79,000, of a higher grade, no less than £10,214 is thus expended. As it has been well said—"Nothing could more thoroughly condemn the present system of administration than this damning fact. The treatment of the poor should, at least, be uniform and humane; to break up the poor man's home and force him into the workhouse, is to pauperise him for ever."

The following facts will show that these remarks are not without foundation. In Royal Tent Court, we found a man, occupying with his wife and son, a lad of sixteen, a so-called furnished room, for which they have to pay 3s. 6d. a week. The wife and son pick up rags and bones in the streets, but the husband is so afflicted that he can do nothing; his eyesight also is defective; "he can only read his Bible when the sun shines." A short time since he applied for a little relief, but was harshly told that he and his family must come into the house. His reply was, "It seems very strange you should be willing to take in and keep three persons, rather than give a little help for a time to one. We don't want to impose upon the parish,

and if we weren't in great need, we wouldn't come to you at all." This poor man is a humble Christian; formerly he thought there was "neither God nor devil," but the shrieks and groans of an infidel companion on his death-bed so alarmed him, that he retired into the garden and cried aloud unto God, whose very existence he had hitherto denied, and it was not long before he found him. A little farther on we visited a very aged man and woman, the latter with a piece of old sacking wrapped round her, living in a wretched garret, with casement broken, and floor, walls, and ceiling in a most dilapidated condition. They are hearth-stone sellers, but the cold east winds prevented their going out, as they are both asthmatical. They had also applied for "a trifle a week," but were abruptly refused, and told to come into the house. "This," said the poor old man, "we couldn't think of doing, because after being together so many years, we didn't like to be parted." Sometimes, for days together, they have no food; while they are so old and infirm that they can never at any time get more than just sufficient to keep them from starving.

The "Revelations" made to us from time to time in the newspapers, of neglect of duty on the part of guardians and other parochial officials, prevent our being surprised at the deeply-rooted aversion of the poor to enter the workhouse; but those disclosures do not embody half the cases that might be related. Not far from Kent Street we found a poor fellow named Casey, a painter by trade, with a wife and two little children. Unless a painter is very fortunate in the other parts of the year, the winter is always a trying season to him; but Casey's distress had been aggravated by illness. At length things became so bad that, though most reluctant to take such a step, they made up their minds to enter the house. Of course they were separated from each other the moment they crossed the threshold, not only the husband from the wife, but also the mother from the children: it being a fixed principle in the parochial mind, that it is most unreasonable and absurd for paupers to entertain any kind of affectionate regard for each other. The doctor pronounced the man unfit for work, and told him to remain in the ward during the day; but no sooner was the medical officer's back turned than the pauper taskmaster roughly ordered the poor fellow down into the shed, "to chop wood with the rest," and threatened to lock him up in the "black-hole," as a "refractory," if he didn't go at once. This blackhole is a place of solitary confinement, the like of which you will not find in any of our prisons. It is no uncommon thing for paupers, who have incurred the anger of any of the officials, to be shut up in it for forty-eight hours on a bread-and-water diet. During this family's stay in the house, a woman, who had formerly occupied a good position, was confined in it, "because she refused





"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."—See p. 714.

(A Sketch from Life)

to work on a Sunday morning." They wanted her to scrub some stairs, and she would not. The poor creature probably could not forget the lesson learnt in her youth that the Sabbath-day should be kept holy. The painter found it was useless "to argue" with the taskmaster, so he went down and tried to work in the open shed, suffering all the while "more than his tongue could tell." His wife was permitted to suckle her youngest child at night and once during the day; the work assigned her was equal to that of a charwoman earning, in addition to her food, some 10s. or 12s. a week. After some eight or ten days' misery, these poor people "discharged themselves," preferring to brave the world once more, and encounter all the rough usages of poverty, rather than submit to the treatment they received, and be separated from each other.

We found to our surprise that in this neighbourhood the old "dame schools" have not entirely disappeared. They are generally kept by aged women, receiving parochial relief; the charge for each child is 2d. or 3d. a week, in return for which sum the scholars acquire, after a fashion, the elements of reading and writing. We asked one poor old creature, who seemed scarcely able to rise from her chair, whether she taught arithmetic, to which she replied, "Oh, no, it would be losing my time to teach them that; all I can do is to give them a little spelling." In almost every case the school is carried on in the aged mistress's one room, which is so small that a person not constantly living in it would find the atmosphere exceedingly close. We leave it to our readers to imagine what it must be when some twenty or thirty children are packed in it, yet it is not worse than what they are accustomed to at home.

In a court, where some fearful scenes are frequently enacted, we enter a room and find ourselves in the presence of the largest woman in London—a perfect giantess, who certainly will never want bread, so long as country fairs are held, and villagers have pence. Would that she followed an occupation as harmless as this: her husband makes gutta-percha riding-whips for sale in the street—he is busy upon one at this moment, and is very ingeniously shaping the handle to resemble the head of a horse. Their daughter, all rags and dirt, is sitting like Cinderella on the hearth amongst the ashes. She is about fifteen years of age, and presents a sadly neglected appearance, but her face is so exceedingly sweet that many a lady in Mayfair would give thousands to possess it. What will her future be? What can it but be with her surroundings? A painter might select her as a model for a picture of innocence, and yet—but no, we must not lift the veil: we cannot but sigh as we think of what she might become under other conditions, and pass on. Here is a room with two bedsteads

in it, which are occupied at night by eleven persons—the father and the mother, their eldest son and his wife, and their remaining children, who are nearly all grown up. Can Virtue draw her breath in such an atmosphere? In that house with closed shutters and battered door a murder was committed not long since: a man, the terror of the neighbourhood, kicked to the death a woman, who was not of the best, for she received the half-pay of some half a dozen seamen, with whom she had gone through the ceremony of marriage, and who probably often thought of her, as they paced the deck during the lonely night-watch, little dreaming that others sailing beneath the star-lit sky were doing the same.

"But why tell us of these things?" some of our readers may exclaim. "What can be done for such people? they are past hope." Not so, "It is never too late to mend." In the illustration accompanying this paper, you see a well-furnished room, in which a man and his wife are enjoying a comfortable cup of tea. The kettle sings on the hob, the cat sleeps on the hearth. While you are looking on this peaceful domestic scene, we will sketch their history. That woman was seventeen years an outcast, and fourteen times in prison. The man was formerly a soldier: he served in a hussar regiment, and was discharged with a small pension. When the good missionary at our side first met with them, they were living in a notorious lodging-house, now pulled down, the resort of the worst of characters, and infested with vermin. At that time they were in a most wretched condition, and as is often the case, they reproached each other as the cause of their mutual degradation. At length the tide turned, and a slight change for the better commenced. She gave up the streets, and he gave up the drink. Next they were married, and then they began to attend the house of God on the Sabbath, from which time "their progress has been from good to good;" ere long they were more decently clad, and the man obtained a good situation, which he holds this moment. Every trace of their past life has vanished, they enjoy good health, they have a comfortable home, they are leading Christian lives, and are beloved and respected by all who know them. Most true is it, and herein we may find an impulse to more strenuous efforts to raise the down-fallen—"It is never too late to mend." One who has spent some years in wading through the mire of the DEEPER DEPTH, said to the writer the other day, "If society knew the true state of things, it would be profoundly alarmed, and would walk in fear of itself," rather would we put it thus:—"It would awake from its lethargy, open the flood-gates of its sympathy, and resolve that, with God's help, such a state of things should no longer exist."

## DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

## WHO MENED THE BROKEN TOYS.

**I**T was a cold, sleety, and windy winter's night, the streets were dull, for you may be sure nobody went out who could stay in a warm house. Molly Ryan, the orange and chestnut woman at the corner of Cecil Street, had only sold six-pennyworth, and, "fairly perished," as she said, soon bundled up her goods and beat a retreat.

She had a long way to walk before she reached her lodging—a wet, cold, and weary walk it was, the sharp wind piercing her thin clothing, and the cruel sleet wetting her to the skin, so that she was numb and half-blinded when she reached the dark passage leading to the room she called home—and for a moment or two took very little notice of a bundle she nearly fell over; and which, however, soon made her start by uttering a shrill cry.

Setting down her basket, Molly lifted up the mysterious bundle, laid it upon the top of the oranges, and tramped up-stairs to her room. There she struck a match and lighted a candle, set a few chips and sticks ready laid on the hearth ablaze, and undid the bundle, exposing, when the ragged blue petticoat was untied, a fine healthy baby, who, directly the light was visible, began to kick and roar.

"So it's a baby ye are," said Molly, aloud, looking down with a wondering, puzzled face. "Poor little misfortunate! it's dirty, cruel work to desert ye in such a night."

Molly then bethought her of supper, and laying the baby upon the hearth, set a kettle on the fire, and crumbled some bread into a cup, added sugar, and when the kettle began to sing, poured the cup full of water. The baby ate this, and then, warmed and comfortable, went off fast asleep on the old woman's lap, looking so rosy and pretty that she forgot all about her own hunger, and let the kettle sing and steam until the water was nearly all boiled away.

Many were the jokes and much the interest about Molly's baby. Her fame spread far and near, and so many people came to hear the story, and by way of excuse bought a few chestnuts or an orange, that Molly never had such custom in all her experience. One difficulty she had felt a good deal, and that was the name to give the baby. Those she liked best were so essentially Irish, that it did not seem quite natural, Molly thought, to give them to an English baby. At last she settled upon one, and what do you think it was? I don't think you'll ever guess it, so I may as well tell you. It wasn't what is called a proper name, after all: it was *Pennsylvania*. I dare say you know that it is the name of one of the States in America. Molly had

heard two men in the street talking of it, and it sounded the newest, biggest, and grandest word she had ever heard, so the baby was named *Pennsylvania* Ryan—very soon shortened into *Pen*, and therefore *Pen* is the name by which we shall call our hero, who, when five years old, was the pride of Molly's heart; and at eight could, she said, take her place at the stall, and do as good a day's work as herself. But hard as times had been many a month and year, harder were coming. A bad fever broke out in the court where they lived. Molly took it, and what with nursing her and buying the little food she ate, *Pen* had to sell not only the stock-in-trade, but the very table and chair, so that when Molly was able to stir out she had not a penny in the world to start with. A neighbour lent her a basket, and the man she had dealt faithfully with gave her credit for a few oranges, and away went Molly to her old stand. Another stall was there: another woman, a stranger, was in her place. Molly went along the streets until dark trying to sell her oranges, but not one could she sell. She set off very early next morning, meaning to go out into the country; but in crossing the street she fell, a wagon went over her, and Molly was carried, speechless and insensible, to the hospital, in which she died a few hours afterwards.

*Pen* sat waiting and watching for her all day—very cold, very hungry, and at last, as night passed on, very frightened. A woman living next him heard him crying, gave him a crust she had saved for her own breakfast, bidding him cheer up, that the Lord would take care of him; and *Pen*, weary with watching and weeping, fell asleep. When morning came, and he awoke, he grew still more frightened. Molly was not home yet. He went out into the streets to try and find her, but nothing could he see. One thing, however, happened. A lady seeing his sad, anxious face, took compassion on him, and dropped a fourpenny-bit into his hand; and with a penny of this he bought some bread, saving the rest in the hope that Molly might be home when he got there, and that he would buy her something. But the house was empty. Next day, the landlord came and turned *Pen* out, saying Molly owed him a month's rent already, and that she had run away. *Pen* knew she would not do that; but, poor little fellow! he did not know that Molly was really gone from him for ever, and that he would see her kind face and hear her loving voice no more in this world.

He had no place to go to when the door of his own home was locked against him, and feeling utterly miserable, he wandered away into the streets, hoping to meet somebody who could tell him of Molly.

He walked on until he reached the suburbs,

where the houses were small, and had little gardens. The shutters of many of them were unclosed, and the little, lonely, friendless boy stood beside the railings, looking in at blazing fires and happy children. He was leaning against a gate thus, when it came open, and seeing that the garden was large and full of shrubs and grass, he thought he might lie down there somewhere better than on the cold, hard stones. So he went in, and walked quickly and quietly round the house, into the back garden, where, after a little while, he found a summer-house; and, delighted with his good fortune, curled himself up upon the matting, and very soon fell fast asleep, never waking until the sun was shining in at the window, when he crept out, and, luckily, got out of the garden without being seen.

That day Pen spent his last penny, and was eating his bread when a little starved dog ran up, and began whining, as much as to say, "Please, give me a morsel, I am so hungry;" and Pen, who knew very well what hunger looked and felt like, broke his bread in half, and gave it to the dog, and the grateful little creature licked his hand, and lay down by him, getting up when he did, and following him wherever he walked.

When night came on, he went back to the garden and his house, as he called it to himself, and there he had company, for the dog went too, and lay down beside him; and he managed to awake early next morning and get away at daybreak—but not before he had taken a good look at his night's quarters, and also at some children's toys that he found scattered about the floor—one, a horse with a broken leg, and then a cart with a wheel off, and several other things, all more or less broken.

While he was wandering about that day, he fell in with a man who had known Molly, and who, hearing Pen's sad story, pulled out a handful of pence, and gave him: so that Pen and his dog had a good dinner, and when they got to their bedroom felt quite jolly, so much so that Pen took it into his head that he would try and mend the cart; and it being a moonlight night, he managed, by the help of some string he found, to tie the shaft and wheel on all right. By degrees, he mended all the toys; and not only these, but many others, as the children, finding out that broken toys became whole ones if left all night in the summer-house, took care to give the "fairy," as they called the mysterious mender, plenty of work; and, moreover, having a strong suspicion that it was a trick played by their father, they said nothing whatever about it, keeping it as a secret joke among themselves.

Well, about a month went by in this way—the days being spent in standing at a greengrocer's

door, taking the chance of being sent a message or told to hold a horse; the nights, comfortably enough in the summer-house. Some days Pen got a few pence, and had a dinner and supper—some days he had only one; and some days, poor little fellow! he had neither, and went to his sleeping-place hungry enough, but never once did he touch a single thing in the garden; not even a turnip or cabbage, although he would have been very glad to make his supper of either one or the other. But Molly had taught him not to steal, and to trust that the God who fed the little brown street sparrows would assuredly feed him somehow. So Pen said his little prayer manfully, and taking his dog in his arms went to sleep.

Living in this sort of way was very hard; and when winter came, Pen fell sick—so bad, indeed, that one morning he was quite delirious, and never thought of trying to go away out of the summer-house; so that when the children came rushing in to see what had been done in the night, they found the poor "fairy" lying upon the ground, and his little dog sitting disconsolate by his side.

At first the children were frightened, but then the elder ones guessed the true solution to the secret, and ran into the house and told their father and mother, who hastened to the summer-house, and had the little suffering boy carried to a warm, comfortable bedroom. The gentleman being a doctor, knew at once that the cause of the boy's illness was from starvation, cold, and hardship; so they gave him food and warmth, and gradually Pen's senses and strength came back, and he was able to tell the history of his life, the little, wondering children standing round his bed, crying from pity, and resolving to save up their money to help the poor and suffering. J. E. A.

#### SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. To whom did Claudius Lysias greeting send?
2. What slave did Paul treat less as slave than friend?
3. What king of Zobah's son did David smite?
4. What Arab with Sanballat did unite?
5. What priest for God's house ministers supplied?
6. Who lost her throne rather than stoop her pride?
7. One to whom Pharaoh a new surname gave.
8. The garden where Manasseh found his grave.
9. Whose son in Israel's camp his God defied?
10. Who bravely fought to win his promised bride?
11. Whose son the gold and silver vessels weigh'd?
12. Whose words made Hezekiah much afraid?
13. What scribe against the Jews a letter wrote?
14. Who treacherously Gedaliah smote?
15. What Syrian prince sat in Jerusalem's gate?
16. Who but one month enjoyed his kingly state?

This one petition to thy grace  
We offer night and day:  
Forgive our sins, for thou, O Lord,  
Has taught us thus to pray.



## KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## SUSPICION.

**E**DINA'S reverie that morning was broken in upon soon after breakfast by Gerald Oakenshaw. He was on his way to town, and apologised for being so early, bringing a drawing which he had recently described to Miss Ormond, and she had expressed a wish to see.

It may have been that the young man had not known of the engagement that took the ladies away the previous day; but we are rather inclined to suspect that it was by no means unpleasant to him, finding Edina alone; and she also, amid all her trouble, was not averse to the duty, as she mentally called it, of attending to Mr. Gerald Oakenshaw's description of the points in the drawing to which he particularly wished to call Miss Ormond's attention—a description which was, in truth, soon abbreviated by the very genuine concern with which the young man saw Edina's pale face, and the unmistakable signs of both illness and sorrow. A conviction that she was unhappy came to him with all the more force that he could not make any comment. But are words needed to express sympathy? Have we not all, at some time of our lives, seen looks that were more eloquent than words—looks that involuntarily revealed the depths of the heart, as a sunbeam through a rift of cloud sometimes falls upon a mountain gorge, and brings out into clear relief, beauties that were before hidden from the gaze? So, though except a sort of hurried remark of his, "I hope this air suits you, Miss Smith, and that you are not too much alone," and then an abrupt pause, during which Edina had raised her eyes, met his, and conscious of blushing deeply had answered, confusedly, "Yes—no—that is—I am—I've nothing to complain of"—though nothing more of a personal nature occurred in the interview, a secret consciousness sprang up in each heart that it would be pleasant to speak further. A sudden constraint followed, caused by the consciousness of their being alone, which was very far removed from the composure of mere indifference, or the repose of ordinary good manners. Edina could have beaten herself for her agitation, and Gerald was inwardly chafing, that words seemed to have deserted him. Suddenly, in desperation, plunging his hand into his pocket, he drew out a piece of music in MS., and said—

"I thought this air would suit your voice, Miss Smith, and, as it is scarce, I copied it for—"

"For Miss Ormond you mean, it is in her style rather than mine. I will give it to her," said Edina, now thoroughly recovering her composure, and adding, "I thought you were invited for last evening."

"I did not go. I am not so fortunate either as Mr. Gilbert Graspington or Mr. Clipp in having very much leisure. I am indeed, just now, making up arrears."

"Caused by your attention to the late Mrs. Oakenshaw," said Edina.

"Yes; and the delay my poor father's indecision as to professional matters, unfortunately, involved. He was one of the most amiable of men, but the dupe of fallacious expectations. A law-suit, Miss Smith, which he fully expected to be decided in his favour, was the sort of Tantalus' cup that seemed coming nearer and nearer to his lip, until, one day, it was transformed into a bubble, and vanished altogether, leaving him a broken man, not only in fortune, but in heart and brain. His death soon after shattered the little strength his widow had, and now what I have to do is to buckle to harness resolutely."

"That is not so hard—for a man."

There was something suggestive of a reference to her own lot in the last clause of the sentence, and he said, answering her thought, "Yes, I grant it's terrible for a woman. Mrs. Oakenshaw, poor soul! felt, or feared, the overpowering odds that woman has to contend with in any change of station. This made her pine for reconciliation with her brother, the late Mr. Ormond. Ah, Miss Smith! it is very sad when kindred become estranged. You must be glad to have returned to your native land, and, as I think I understood from Mrs. Tregabbitt, to your family." He said this wholly unconscious that he was touching on any painful topic. Incidentally, from Gilbert Graspington as well as the widow, he knew of Edina's relationship to Miss Ormond's guardian, so that he was wholly unprepared for the start and shiver with which Edina interrupted him, and the words—

"I am Miss Ormond's companion, Mr. Oakenshaw; nothing more, or rather nothing else. I care not to acknowledge those who disdain to acknowledge me."

Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and, as she drew herself up, her mien so altered from the pensive, timid girl, that Gerald Oakenshaw involuntarily exclaimed—

"Disdain to acknowledge! What family is so rich that it does not count you a treasure?"

The words were out before he had weighed them; and Edina, who had been standing a few moments, called her reserve to her aid as she bowed formally, and said—

"But I am detaining you, sir; and my isolation, during many years of school life, from family ties, perhaps renders me unable to appreciate them."

Gerald obeyed the gesture that indicated the conclusion of the interview, no more believing that the sensitive being, whose countenance was so mobile that it reflected every emotion, was insensible to family ties, than he believed that old Graspington was worthy of such a relative. He took his leave; and as he sped, on the roof of the omnibus, to his office in town, he lived over again and again that brief interview, and recalled every word and look that had made it memorable to him.

Edina, meanwhile, began the easy work of self-deception. What did Mr. Oakenshaw mean by bringing a song exactly like those which Kate sang, and then pretending he had meant it for her? Surely, he had seen that the poor companion was rarely asked to sing. Why did he tell her about his circumstances? And as to his looks, and even words, of admiration, they were current coin which young men expended thoughtlessly; she would be both foolish and bold if she attached any importance to them. Importance! and she the most unimportant of human beings! Yet even while she was repeating all this, there lay in the unfathomed depths of her heart the conviction, as sweet as it was secret, that let who would neglect or undervalue her, he had paid her as deferential attention as if she had been the heiress instead of the dependant. And yet what mattered this? Had he not told her he was poor—beginning the battle of life? How foolish, how perverse her thinking of him! So the lonely heart shut close within its depths this one compensating feeling. Maiden pride and feminine reserve were both invoked to hide—it may be, to stifle the emotion. Yet Edina did not give the music to Miss Ormond when she returned, though she expatiated rather more at length than she was wont on the drawing Mr. Oakenshaw had left for her. She was seeking to gain confidence to tell Kate of the incident of the night, or rather of the morning—the finding of the little tress of hair, but somehow an invincible dread held her back awhile from mentioning it, and made her manner awkward when, at length, she followed Miss Ormond to her room, and said—

"Oh! and there is another thing I should have named. See, I found this curl! Do you know it? Is it yours?"

Miss Ormond had come home weary and pre-occupied, and Edina's talk about the drawing and Gerald Oakenshaw's morning call had elicited only a languid smile, or an occasional monosyllable, but when Kate's eyes fell on the little ringlet, she took it eagerly in her hand, looked at the tiny label fastened to the silken ligature, and exclaimed with eagerness, "Oh, where did you find this, Edina? It is my mother's hair. Poor dear papa once showed it to me; he refused to give it to me then, and said he was about to have it placed in a locket for me. Dear! how I have sought for it, and made inquiries of the only jeweller he ever employed, thinking he must have sent it. Indeed, I blamed the man—the jeweller—for its loss; and you, dear, have found it—where?"

"In the ebony cabinet."

"Impossible, Edina. Mrs. Tregabbitt and I have looked through that—through every crevice—for this, and my mother's rings: they are my only memorials of her."

"Rings! this is all I found. Come with me, and I will show you the exact way the tress of hair came into my possession." Edina as she spoke led the way to the little study, Kate following her eagerly. The doors of the cabinet, as usual, stood open, and Edina pointing to the drawer, showed how the tress of hair had been held, and then opening and taking it and the others out from the nest in which they were ranged, she gave her theory of the way in which she believed the little packet of silver paper must have been held between the drawer

and the case, and how it most likely had worked out unobserved.

"When?" said Kate, by no means convinced. "Who goes to the cabinet?"

"I did. Either you or Mrs. Tregabbitt, I forget which, gave me permission to use it to keep materials in."

"And you really think this could have worked to the very edge of the drawer, and showed itself, as you tell me, without your seeing it?"

"I cannot tell how I could have overlooked it, and indeed as I remember leaving the cabinet, I could say with as much certainty as one can say anything, that there was nothing held as I have described, by the drawers. It surprised me, Miss Ormond, as much as it has you. But when I found it I was very glad, for I concluded it was a memorial dear to you."

"Yes, certainly, yes," said Kate, in a constrained tone, as if wanting to say more, and not exactly knowing how.

The tone of dissatisfaction was so apparent, that Edina thought it incumbent to apologise.

"I am sorry if you think that any inadvertence of mine has kept you from sooner possessing such a relic; but I have done my best in losing no time now in giving it."

"No, dear, I don't blame you—but it is so strange."

"All's well that ends well," interposed Edina, with a faint smile more melancholy than a sigh. "You have the lost treasure at last."

"True, and it is a treasure, Edina. If you had ever heard so much about your mother from a father's lips as I have about mine, you would be able to understand how great a treasure—but of course you cannot enter into my feelings." Edina swerved aside, as if stricken by a blow at Miss Ormond's words. What an experience had recently been hers! How much of its bitterness was due to the fact that she had to mourn her mother in silence! And now this prosperous lady, with many to sympathise with her, considered her feelings so acute that she, the silent sufferer, could not estimate them!

"Do you think I am so devoid of heart as to be incapable of comprehending what a daughter feels, Miss Ormond? I am sorry that my pleasure in restoring the lock of hair is marred by your thinking so."

"Nay, now, Edina, you are unreasonable. I did not intend to hurt your feelings; I am trying to control my own, for—to tell you the truth—the last time I saw this lock of hair, poor papa took it out of a little box, in which was a paper whose purport I do not know, and some rings—I think a wedding-ring and a keeper, but I am not sure; a little tortoise-shell box, with gold mountings, and our crest on it. He never left the hair out of that box, I am sure: how, then, is it that this is found, and not the rest?—that is what perplexes me."

"It is, indeed, very strange," replied Edina, adding, "why have you made no inquiry about this box?"

"I have done so, at the jeweller's, and was under the impression that the box had in some way been lost when my father removed here. The finding of one part is less to be accounted for than the loss of the whole."

At this moment they were joined by Mrs. Tregabbitt, to whom the matter was explained, and who with Edina

went over again the useless plan of taking out and scrutinising the drawers of the cabinet, so many questions and conjectures being put to the poor girl that it seemed as if she was being cross-examined; and most heartily did she regret the finding of that which caused so much investigation and distrust. Mrs. Tregabbitt's theory was very natural; that the box and its other contents had been stolen, and that the lock of hair had been left as valueless—but if so, when, and by whom?

It transpired while they were conversing about it, that it was at least ten years since Miss Ormond had seen the lock of hair and the other memorials of her mother;—had, indeed, only a dim recollection that her father had once showed them to her on her birthday—her eighth birthday, she thought, and Edina remarked that in so long a time Mr. Ormond might have made some disposition of them—nay, even in prospect of his intended marriage have destroyed them. She was stung into saying this by the questions she was asked, and the manner her questioners assumed. After this suggestion Miss Ormond said no more. She left the room with a heightened colour and offended air.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### MR. GRASPINGTON THWARTED.

A LONG quiet evening *en famille* might have removed any little unpleasantness from the minds of the three ladies at Rivercroft in reference to the subject of the morning's discussion, but they were destined not to have such opportunity. They had just risen from the dinner table, and were entering the drawing-room, when Mr. Graspington was announced. His name was a signal for Edina to ask Mrs. Tregabbitt to be permitted to withdraw—a permission that lady rather ungraciously accorded.

"Yes, you can go, to be sure," said that lady. "He does not want to see you, that's pretty certain, whoever or whatever brings him here this evening; but if he asks for you, of course you must come. We can't be having his will, and your will, and nobody knows how many wills rampant here."

Edina did not wait to hear more than the first words—she was off to the shelter of her own chamber. Mr. Graspington had entered the drawing-room before Mrs. Tregabbitt had ceased, and he took up the word "will," and bowed a kind of patronising inclusive bow as he approached her, saying to both, "And a very good thing, ladies—I hope I see you both well—is a strong will: a very good thing; that is, if a man has the headpiece to form and direct it."

"And a woman, Mr. Graspington," said Kate, laughing: "you include the softer sex, of course."

"Not of course, my dear young lady, because they're, as you say, the softer sex; and their wisdom is to know when they are rightly guided."

"Oh, indeed!" interposed Mrs. Tregabbitt. But, unheeding her interruption, Mr. Graspington continued—

"I've had, young lady, to make up my mind sharp and strong, chalk out my plans, and keep to them with a

will, ever since I left the old nest in Cornwall—or I may say, ever since I was kicked out of it: and my verdict is, that a man's a nothing and a nobody without a tough will of his own; but with women it's very different; they were not meant to guide."

"Pardon me, they do guide, and they are meant to do so," cried Mrs. Tregabbitt. "When was England so great as she is now that a lady's hand is at the helm? Mr. Graspington, I'm surprised at you—your talk is treasonable, not only against womanhood, but against the State."

There was a tone of triumph in Mrs. Tregabbitt's rejoinder that showed her loyalty, at all events; but Mr. Graspington replied—

"Ha, permit me to say you miss the point of the argument entirely."

The tea-tray was brought in at that moment, and Kate was taking the place at the urn usually assigned to Edina, when Mrs. Tregabbitt, with the purpose of annoying Mr. Graspington rather than of benefiting Edina, said, "We are not all assembled."

"Nay, excuse me, ladies, I did not come without a purpose—I never do. I'm a man of purpose, and I should like, it may be, to have a chat with you both, without a fourth being added to our numbers."

"Really, it seems strange to the poor child," objected Mrs. Tregabbitt.

"She's used to be alone. I believe she has not often accompanied you of late," replied Mr. Graspington, in a tone which instantly set Mrs. Tregabbitt on the defensive, and was not unremarked by Kate, who wondered what the man of will was driving at. Can he be intending to complain about his granddaughter being left now and then to her own society, said the heiress mentally, while Mrs. Tregabbitt rejoined at once—

"Of course, Mr. Graspington, Edina is, as you say, used to be alone. It would not be well for her to mix in society, unless you are prepared to acknowledge her, and do by her as—"

"If I did, as you say, acknowledge her, it would be on condition that she did *not* mix in what you call society. But I did not come to talk about any one in your establishment, my dear young lady, but about that same 'society' as you call it." He addressed himself entirely now to Miss Ormond, and continued, abruptly, "Do you think it well to be so very intimate with the Clipp family? I've nothing to say about Clipp Junior, or, rather, I ought to call him now Clipp without the junior. I've known him some years as a keen man of business, but not, Miss Ormond, the man my friend, your late father, would have liked as an intimate in this house."

There is nothing like a plain, downright speech for silencing all attempts at parrying or explanation. Miss Ormond sat with wide-open eyes and burning cheeks, and Mrs. Tregabbitt was swelling with such a rising torrent of words that her florid face assumed a purple tint as she coughed to clear her throat.

"Mrs. and Miss Clipp," she began—but Mr. Graspington did not allow her time to recover from her surprise or indignation—

"Mrs. and Miss Clipp, as I was saying, have made

themselves known to you, Mrs. Tregabbitt—or rather to Miss Ormond, for she is the attraction, of course—from interested motives, as the coadjutors of the plans of the son and brother."

"Interested motives! what can you mean, sir?" said Kate.

"Just what I say. Tough Graspington, my dear young lady, is not blind, or deaf, or very foolish. Clipp Junior—"

"Mr. Clipp is a gentleman, sir, at all events," said Miss Ormond, with emphasis.

"Yes, my dear Kate," added Mrs. Tregabbitt; "you are right—that's something. And I must say, Mr. Graspington, that I don't understand your remarks on my—on my friends, or my visiting, or the people—the circle which I think proper to introduce Miss Ormond to. Sir, it's not—it's not gentlemanly."

"Gentle or simple, or both, has nothing whatever to do with it, ma'am. I'm in the place of a father, and I say again, the Clipp—"

"And I'm in the place of a mother, sir. Her own papa, if he had lived, meant, by giving me his name, to put me in a mother's place to his daughter, and it's a matter you've nothing to do with, unless you have anything to allege against the position, or the morals, Mr. Graspington, of this respectable family. If every young man that comes into Miss Ormond's society, and pays her the ordinary attentions of a gentleman to a lady, is to be accused of interested motives, we had better turn Rivercroft into a nunnery at once. And I don't know who your informant is, but I consider what you have said very rude and unjustifiable."

"My informant is Clipp Junior himself, whose airs I have lately been rather at a loss to understand; but I see what he is driving at now."

"Mr. Clipp, sir, would say nothing unworthy of himself—or me." The words were scarcely uttered, when Kate would have given a great deal to recall them; but Mr. Graspington, in his overpowering manner, rendered more hard to bear by a tone of patronising banter, rejoined—

"What Clipp Junior would say, or do, is, I fancy, rather clearer to me than to you, young lady. I have known him, boy and man, for some years, and you can tell me nothing that I do not know about him. He's so keen for his own interest, Miss Ormond, that he's like a moth round a candle—a little too eager. He would have been a rich man, and married and settled long ago, but he got his wings singed."

"Pardon me, sir, if I venture to say that there may be characters beyond, or above your comprehension."

"So there may, Miss Ormond; but Clipp Junior is not one of them. I know him, and he knows that I know him, and thoroughly understand that he is quite able to appreciate the charms of Miss Ormond's—fortune."

Of all the humiliations that a young girl may be called to endure, few are more painful than the thought

that she is sought for what she has, rather than what she is. The proud Kate Ormond winced visibly at Mr. Graspington's hard, rude speech—the sting being that it suggested a possible truth. A sense of the misery that might attend wealth, if accompanied by such a suspicion, made Kate say, indignantly—

"I would not for worlds have such a grovelling estimate of others, or myself."

"Very likely not; but I know the world; I haven't made my way in it without insight and oversight, and every kind of sight, I can tell you. Listen to me. I've been deceived, once in my life, by a young girl. No wise man is ever deceived twice; and, I've got this to add, that I'm not a guardian merely to sign cheques, and hold my tongue. You shall not throw yourself away while the law gives me—Tough Graspington, a grip of what Clipp Junior is in search of—your fortune."

Miss Ormond rose while he was speaking, and all the perversity of her sex being roused by his words, she said slowly, with forced calmness—

"You compel me, sir, to tell you that you are judging Mr. Clipp by the only standard familiar to you. I think very differently of him."

She curtsied low, as her voice was failing her from agitation, and swept proudly out of the room, disregarding equally Mr. Graspington's request and Mrs. Tregabbitt's entreaty that she should stay and bring, as the lady urged, her guardian to reason.

The manner in which Miss Ormond had taken up what had been said about Mr. Clipp had so incensed Mr. Graspington that he was certainly hurried into saying far more than he had at first intended, and thus committed the grave error of an opposition so manifestly prejudiced that it would be likely to have the directly contrary effect to his purpose of breaking off the intimacy he disapproved. Whatever talents Mr. Graspington congratulated himself upon, he was quite ignorant of understanding and overruling a woman's will, or he never would have taken his present course.

Besides, to set Miss Ormond on the defence of Mr. Clipp, was at once to make her a partisan; and a very slight knowledge of feminine human nature is required to show that women are often vehement in their partisanship, merely because they have been opposed. We know, dear reader of the gentler sex, that it is right not to be so. Pure reason should guide the judgment, and excited feeling should be controlled, but poor humanity, in its own unaided strength, is unequal to the contest; and that is one reason why, even as it regards this world only, the young should be early led to fear their own weakness and rashness, and cry, "O Father! be thou the guide of my youth!"

For want of seeking this guidance, how many are driven on the rocks, and make shipwreck of all that renders life happy or prosperous! Would it be so here?

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."—We shall be glad to receive any lists which may still be out, as it is desirable to close the account without further delay. A statement of the fund will shortly be laid before our readers.—Ed. QUIVER.